

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH TOWNS CANTERBURY



D. Gardiner

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ST. DUNSTON'S STREET AND WEST GATE

(FROM A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO HENRY DAWSON)

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH TOWNS

CANTERBURY

BY

DOROTHY GARDINER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE

THE subject of this little book is the city and citizen life of Canterbury; the Cathedral for the most part is seen in the background of the picture. The history of Canterbury covers so many centuries; it is so closely interwoven with the history of England and of the English Church, that any attempt to compress it within the range of a small volume must be fatal to the vivid interest it should rightly arouse. In these pages certain episodes are chosen from a crowded past; some of them have been told many times; others are freshly drawn from the records; they are here related in some detail and, as far as may be, from the citizen's point of view. Of all English cities Canterbury deserves in fullest measure that romantic affection which is bestowed upon some cities of Italy; the incompleteness of this survey may be forgiven if it should lead any pilgrim, old or young, to visit the ancient shrines, and repeople the narrow streets with the men and women of bygone centuries.

My thanks are specially due to Dr. Charles Cotton, Honorary Deputy Librarian of the Chapter Library, for permission to make use of his unpublished notes; to the late Dr. Henry Bradley; to Professor Claud Jenkins, and to Mr. Henry Mead, Librarian of the Beaney Public Library and custodian of the City Muments, for suggestive help and unfailing courtesy. Major James and Mr. A. P. Ready generously allowed the reproduction of pictures in their possession.

DOROTHY GARDINER.

CANTERBURY,
July, 1923.



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CANTERBURY

CHAPTER I

PREHISTORIC AND ROMAN CANTERBURY

THERE are few streets in modern Canterbury from which the passer-by cannot, at some point, look out to the river or the hills: to the river, making its way between ancient houses and hiding under its waters foundations of bridges or of dwellings belonging to a past even more remote; to the hills, now white with the blossoming cherry orchards, now yellow with harvest.

This nearness to the open country is one of the charms of the place, and to the student of its history most suggestive; for the old city in its first origins was just a "watcher at the ford" by which travellers came and went. Nowadays, in approaching Canterbury by rail, after leaving Selling Station one is aware of a long descent, past hillsides covered with woodland, or with symmetrical lines of fruit-trees, carefully tended and at every stage of growth. Presently, from the carriage window may be seen low-lying meadows, very green and luxuriant, through which flows the River Stour, while, in the midst, like giant blossoms, the graceful towers and spires of the Cathedral rise up from the clustering roofs of the city.

The site very gradually emerged from the river-bed. The tides which now, in a sluggish wash, reach only to Fordwich, two miles below, once flowed several miles higher up the estuary; in the marshes at Chilham, six miles to westward, was found an anchor, the token of some early navigator. There has been much change of surface and shifting of levels, but the river in this part of its course flowed out from the more restricted passage

through the chalk hills over wide flats where it might spread into shallower waters and filter through bog and morass. Some students have supposed that for this reason lake-dwellers were attracted to a place where they could obtain abundant fish, and in the adjacent forest of Blean, a part of Anderida, abundance of game.

Stone Age implements are found in the gravel-beds in and around Canterbury, flint hatchets, grubbing tools, and sometimes the bones and tusks of the primeval elephant. The proximity of Kent to the Continent must have begun, it is impossible to imagine how early, to exercise an influence on its history and hasten the signs of civilization.

Amid much that is speculative, it is beyond question that there existed where Canterbury now stands a river crossing of some security in a marshy unstable waste, and this fact gave the place its first significance. Yet even so, just above and just below it were fords of more importance in British times. The ford at Sturry (Stour-eye or island), beside the village called Fordwich, carried more traffic, because it was the last downward crossing on the river; the ford about a mile above the city, still called Tonford, lay directly under the important oppidum and settlement of Bigbury. This great earthwork is traversed from end to end by an ancient track which, in later days, was followed by travellers to Becket's shrine and called the Pilgrims' Road; after passing Canterbury it crosses the lesser Stour at Patricbourne and climbs the downs towards Dover, in places hewn deep out of the solid chalk.

The primitive dwelling-place was thus strung upon an ancient trade route. Not improbably it was fortified, as being a recognized approach to Bigbury Camp. Dr. Bradley compares its earlier name, Durovernon, preserved in the Latin form *Durovernum*, with numerous Gaulish place-names which begin with *Duro-*, a prefix to be connected with an adjective *duros*, seemingly used in the neuter to mean strong place or fortress. *Wernon* he relates to the Welsh *Gwern*, alder, alder-car (a marshy

place where alders grow). If Durovernon denoted 'the alder-car where there is a fortress,' the name would seem to have been singularly appropriate. Three great mounds, of origin much disputed, stood, until railroad makers swept them away, close to the river-bank; one only, cut and pared to a meaningless cone, now remains, the Dane John of the public gardens, divided by the city wall of later, Norman, construction from its associates. During the removal of another, a bronze-socketed celt was found. From Bigbury to-day one looks towards the Cathedral towers; from Bigbury in the Celtic period, the merchant laden with his ores made his way over the hills, and so, by the sign of the triple mounds, to the outpost and safe crossing to be found at Durovernon.

Reaching the period of the Roman occupation, one may imagine Durovernum a fording-place of secondary importance, yet scarcely uninhabited. It took its place in the highway scheme by which the Kentish harbour-fortresses were linked up with London and the interior. At the ford by Durovernum three roads intersected, from thence "spreading out like a fan" through the adjacent swamps. The central one, Watling Street, led to Dubræ (Dover), sixteen miles away; that on the right, Stone Street, to Lemanis (Lympne), fourteen miles distant; that on the left to Rutupiæ (Richborough), a twelve miles' journey. Richborough, say the historians, is really the parent of Roman Canterbury, for while the ford was slightly out of the way for Dover and Lympne, it was directly in a straight line from this *statio tranquilla*, most popular of Roman landing-places, and the road thence was probably made before either of the other two.

When these highways were first constructed there were clearly no walls or buildings to impede direct access to the river-bank: all three, as it were, plunge together into the ford; only one points at a gate of the city. But once three main roads from three important military stations are concentrated on a particular spot, the extent

of traffic must soon necessitate the formation at least of a military outpost. Hence the Itinerary of the Emperor Antoninus mentions Durovernum as being the last *statio* on each of the great roads before the coast is reached. As a military depôt it never attained the first rank. A list of garrison towns of the empire, compiled towards the close of the fourth century, shows a garrison at each of the coast-fortresses—at Richborough a whole legion—but makes no mention of Durovernum.

There are, however, other signs to suggest that from the first century onwards it grew by degrees into a considerable town. A few years ago that modern innovation—deep-draining—gave an opportunity to the citizens to learn something about Roman Canterbury hidden some seven or eight feet beneath the earth. It was found that the direction of the road to the ford was still preserved for some distance by the existing Watling Street, although for several yards the original trend had been lost under a row of mediæval houses. Where the triple roads merged into one stood the Riding or Reding Gate; probably so called from the Celtic word *Re* or *Rhe* (which often occurs in connection with water or marsh-land), because it was built on the edge of a swamp. Adjacent to the gate were discovered the piers of an ancient bridge, and quantities of human bones, the bones of those slain in defending it from assault. Towards the other end of the street were foundations of masonry so formidable that they could not be cut through—the site of a citadel or stronghold.

A little way to the north of these central defences, Roman pavements and the ruins of some great public building were laid bare close to the present Fleur-de-Lys Inn. The discovery of large portions of the Roman city wall, which at one point crossed the present High Street, showed that Watling Street divided the city into two equal halves, and that Roman Canterbury did not extend westward of the Stour nor northward of the Cathedral precincts. The Roman North gate probably stood close to the present south-west tower of the

Cathedral. Southward, during the four centuries of occupation, the Roman city gradually spread out till it reached the neighbourhood of the present Castle-site, where the Roman Worth-gate once stood. The remains of five Roman cemeteries have been found around Canterbury, evidence of a considerable population.

When Watling Street passes the mediæval intrusions, it resumes its ancient direction under a modern and prosaic name; as "Beer-Cart Lane," leading to the river bank between a cottage of the fifteenth century and the wall of the Poor Priests' Hospital. It is an obscure spot in a poor street, yet lovers of Canterbury should not fail to stand there, and remember that here at the ford "the mother of England" first came into being at least 1,900 years ago.

CHAPTER II

SAXON CANTERBURY: WITH THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE

I

IN the year 409 a decree of Honorius proclaimed the province of Britain independent of the Empire, and Rome recalled her legions westward to meet the pressing danger of the Goths' invasion. "History and the Romans," it is said, "left Britain together." The clouds of barbaric strife for nearly two hundred years rest upon human records, and the clues remaining are hard to disentangle. At the time of the withdrawal this island was restless and disunited; the Picts and Scots, who had never felt the control of Rome, penetrated with greater and greater boldness into the interior from their northern fastnesses. Already for many years the southern and eastern coasts had been swept by pirate bands from north Germany—sea-wolves, as the poet says, living on the world's pillage, to whom the sea was a school of war and the storm a friend; Kent was one of the four counties possessing a coastal area placed under the Count of the Saxon Shore, to combat pirate invasion. The strong defenders of centuries having failed them, the Celtic population found it impossible to resist simultaneous attacks to seaward and to landward. The despairing policy was adopted of weakening opposing forces by division, and matching barbarian against barbarian. By pledges of land and money—to be extorted to the uttermost—a band of warriors from Jutland, tradition says under their chiefs Hengist and Horsa, were drawn in as the allies of Kent, and landed in 449 in the island of Thanet, some twenty miles from Canterbury. The purpose of their coming, the overthrow of the Picts, being accomplished, disputes arose between the restless mercen-

aries and their employers; and the Jutish commander, who could draw reinforcements from the long-boats of his countrymen in the Channel, threatened attack. The sea-inlet which then separated Thanet from the mainland, to be crossed only at low water by a dangerous passage; the fortresses of Richborough and Reculver to north and south; the strongholds of Canterbury and Rochester which guarded the London road—none of these were obstacles sufficient to check the sudden onset of the Jutes. Possibly no organized defence had as yet replaced the disciplined forces of Rome. The inhabitants, in the words of the Saxon Chronicle, fled “as men fly from fire.”

Situated upon the chief, if not the only, road available for the advance of an army towards the interior, Durovernum was exposed to the full onslaught, and no doubt for that reason hurriedly abandoned at the first rumour of attack. It would seem that their fierce haste left the Jutish army no time for a complete destruction of the city; if the frail wooden houses of the native population disappeared in sheets of flame, some few at least of the Roman buildings, upon the outskirts, although ruinous, remained above ground, and here and there in Canterbury to-day stone still stands upon stone which saw those oncoming hordes. The most striking evidence that the site of the town was completely abandoned is the disappearance of its name for a time from living memory. Neighbouring hills, and the great seaports, Richborough, Reculver, Lympne, retained through the Roman occupation, and retain to this day, traces of their native names. The name of Durovernum was completely forgotten, so that when the ford by the Stour reappears in history in the sixth century it has become Cant-wara-byrig, the burgh of the men of Kent. The name familiar to Romans through four centuries survived only in Roman records, and was reintroduced by those later invaders who heralded a new faith.

Nor were terror, fire, and slaughter alone responsible for this oblivion. The graves of the conquerors have

given up their secrets and have shown that many generations came and went before any attempt was made to re-people the city. The continental practice of Teuton races, which led them to dwell not in walled towns but in tribal encampments, still influenced their first settlement in the new land. They avoided places like the fortified Durovernum, and preferred to live and lay their dead in open plains and on hillsides. Constant excavations in and about Canterbury (in the course of field-operations, house-building, and road-making) have failed to disclose any traces of a pagan Saxon burial-place. But in the surrounding country—at Kingston under Barham Downs, where a circular jewel as princely as King Alfred's was dug from a Jutish grave; at Faversham in the "King's Field"; at Sarre; and most striking of all at Ash, adjacent to the sea-fortress of Richborough—there have been found splendid relics of royal tombs. Other secrets have lain hid in the soil of old Canterbury. Roman pavements were uncovered in a condition so perfect as to show they had gradually been safeguarded from disturbance by earth-deposits before being again built over. Roman foundations of wall and citadel lie right across the present, which is in most cases also the Saxon and the mediæval, line of streets, proving that the Roman roadway had been obliterated before Saxon Canterbury rose above the ruins, except where the highway of Watling Street led down to the ford.

The name of Canterbury comes into written record when Ethelbert had been for some forty years King of Kent, and ruled the South Saxons as far as the Humber. Its unusual character—a city named after the citizens, although a royal residence—suggests independence of action on the part of the men of Kent; having settled into their own boundaries, and abandoned further expansion by conquest, they deliberately chose the site of their capital city.

II

At the close of the sixth century, among their neighbours on the Continent who had not lost touch with Roman civilization, the Saxon peoples, however erroneously, had the reputation of being "a barbarous, fierce, and unbelieving nation."

Yet the decision to break with custom so far as to become men of a city with streets and fortifications was a step in advance for the development of the common life. Just outside the northern wall of Canterbury remained the ruins of a church which must have been erected by Roman Christians at some time in the fourth century, after the devastating persecution of Diocletian had ceased; indications of a Roman cemetery found in modern times near at hand account for its position without the walls. Possibly there were other buildings, affording, even in their ruinous condition, more stately provision for a royal residence, more skilful workmanship in design, faced stone, ornamented shaft, than the Saxons could produce. The evidence of excavation and of early record proves that after the city was repopled the boundary walls were extended towards north and east, to include the Roman church and a considerable piece of ground as yet uninhabited; "Saxon Canterbury," says Mr. Godfrey-Faussett, "was the Roman town elongated." In the year 597 Ethelbert was living in a palace in the near neighbourhood of the ruined church. A little to the eastward stood some remains of Roman buildings spared from utter destruction in the onrush of the invaders. A tradition preserved by a fourteenth-century chronicler tells us that the King made use of one, which possessed pillars and an arcading, for the worship of his heathen idol. Another was to be seen upon a hill skirted by the road to Richborough Port: this, as Bede records the description of his informant, "had once been a church, built whilst the Romans were still in the island." Ethelbert had been married now for forty years to a Christian wife, who was instructed in letters—Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of the Franks, and of Ingo-

berga, the friend of Gregory of Tours. She came to her marriage, in the far north-western corner of the world, on the express understanding that she was to practise unmolested the rites of her religion, and brought with her as a chaplain a Christian Bishop, Liudhard. The settlement in Canterbury may well have given her a first opportunity in her adopted land of worshipping within hallowed walls, and for her use the ruins on the hill were repaired and dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, a Frankish saint.* In recent years a gold medallion bearing the name of Liudhard, and the ornaments of a lady of rank, gold coins of Frankish currency strung together as a necklace, and a round brooch set with garnets, were found in St. Martin's graveyard, mute witnesses to someone in Bertha's train who had worshipped with her there.

Through the new-built eastern portion of the city wall a gate was made for the Queen to pass out from the palace enclosure to her prayers. Together with the lane adjoining, it still bears the name of "Queningate," while leading towards St. Martin's is a street now known as Old Ruttington Lane: this is certainly a corruption of "Druting Strete," that is, the street of the Royal Lady, a name it has preserved for 1,300 years. After Bertha, during Saxon times, there was no Queen in Canterbury to leave her memory in these by-ways.

The arrival of Augustine and his companions in eastern Kent in the spring of 597 was the result of a chain of circumstances among the most familiar and beloved of all stories of England's childhood. Gregory the monk, in his monastery of St. Andrew on the Cælian Hill, dwelling in constant thought and prayer on the northern land, dark with winter by contrast with his sunny Italy, darker yet through ignorance of the love of God; Gregory in the Market-place at Rome, scene of so many tragedies of slavery, bending his kindly face towards the fair-skinned, bright-haired lads, Angles but not yet angels, set there to be sold like beasts; Gregory,

* Bede attributes this dedication also to an earlier, Roman, church. On the whole modern scholarship inclines to the view expressed here.

the Lord Pope, able at last to send overseas messengers of the good tidings—all these are pictures clear enough to the mind's eye.

It should be the desire of every Englishman to live through the later episodes in their original surroundings, where so much still remains to quicken the imagination and light up the dim places of the past.

The journey to England had more than the usual terrors for Gregory's emissaries. Not the passage of rough seas, or the wearisome length of the way, but a vague horror left by rumours of pagan barbarians, fierce, uncouth, speaking unintelligibly, whom they were bidden to convert, made them at one moment send Augustine back in haste, asking to be released from the dreadful adventure. Gregory's enthusiasm triumphed over their momentary alarm: the band went on their way, travelling slowly through France, passing on from one religious house, from one princely court, to another, as the Pope's introductory letters assured them a welcome.

Trade routes between France and England from various Gallo-Roman ports were long since well established. There is no evidence that Augustine bore letters to Ethelbert, but the link which Bertha's presence at the court afforded makes it likely that Canterbury was his destination. In this case his most direct route was to embark in a trading-vessel at Boulogne and come to port in one of the safe and frequented havens near the Wantsum, the creek dividing Thanet from the mainland; tradition points either to Ebbsfleet in the isle itself or to Richborough Port, at that time also on an islet in the marsh. The place can be determined within a narrow radius, and the season no less, which showed the travellers, like the awakening from an evil dream, the Thanet marshes, green and spacious under the skies of early summer. They were a band of forty strangers, men of religion who brought with them Frankish interpreters, acquainted with Latin and also with the Jutish speech—an accomplishment which trade development must long since have rendered necessary. These spokesmen went ahead to Canterbury, "signifying that they were come

from Rome and brought a joyful message which most certainly assured to all who received it heavenly delights and an unending kingdom with the true and living God." Ethelbert, in reply, bade them remain in the island, possibly in their ships or in some temporary shelter, supplied with all they needed, till he should decide what next to do. If the example of Bertha had not hitherto brought him to the faith, at least he had outgrown active hostility.

In the end he came to them himself, meeting them in the open—tradition would have it under a great oak-tree—for fear they might, beneath any roof but the sky, take advantage of him to use those arts of magic which he was well accustomed to connect with the practice of religion. "But they came furnished with Divine, not with magic virtue, bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a panel of wood."

From the report, based on local record and tradition, of Albinus, Abbot of St. Augustine's, who sent his messenger Nothelm to the north, Bede describes the entrance into Canterbury, where the newcomers had now the King's permission to live and make converts. The road they followed was, fittingly enough, that straight-pencilled Richborough road to which Durovernum owed its beginning. Half a mile from the city it descends steeply into the Stour valley, at that time thickly wooded, and passes close by the chapel where Queen Bertha prayed. As the procession drew nearer, the sound of singing could be heard, and the cross and picture of the Saviour were seen lifted above the heads of the crowd. The strangers sang in unison a litany, of which Bede preserves the words, adapted from the prayer of Daniel, which they must have learnt, not in Rome but on their journey through Gaul: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, because we have sinned. Hallelujah."

No history of Canterbury can fail to set in the forefront of importance this entry of Augustine. Round it, at least until the Reformation, all the after-history crystallizes. The city had indeed its life apart from the life of

the Church; but the streets which cluster about the Cathedral, so that it becomes the clue to a maze of old-world lanes, are typical of that civic life. The citizen's destiny, even of the humblest, was controlled by an all-penetrating influence; he shared his city with the Metropolitan; tangled and far-reaching, the threads of European history were drawn into it while he pursued his daily task: he could not understand, but he could see the outward signs, the age-long procession of great Churchmen and Ministers of State who came and went about St. Augustine's Chair. He could and did adapt himself, in valiant self-interest, to be the servant of all pilgrims, greatest and least: festival and saint's day were often his opportunity of gain: he became a lover of pageantry and yet more of banqueting without end; the Churchman was at once his patron and his rival in civic privilege.

So the procession chanting its way down St. Martin's Hill, immeasurably significant for the history of the English people, has a special meaning for the city which first opened its gates to the gospel-messengers.

A temporary dwelling-place was assigned to the strangers in the newly enclosed plot near Ethelbert's palace, known as Staplegate, probably from its market; mediæval writers, playing upon the word, called it "Stable-gate," the place where the newcomers stabled.

They made many converts, attracted not only by their doctrine but by the innocence and simplicity of their lives, and assembled their congregation for worship in St. Martin's Church. Pope Gregory, writing to Bertha after Augustine's arrival to thank her for her welcome and encouragement, compares her lot to Helen's, the mother of Constantine, and urges upon her the duty, she has hitherto neglected, of bringing her husband, and through him a whole nation, to the faith. The King was baptized, probably in St. Martin's Church, in the ancient font which tradition has always connected with his name, on Whitsunday, June 2, 597, and the missionaries were then allowed to go further afield, and to build and restore yet other churches.

Augustine, now Bishop in the royal city, obtained possession of the church erected so long before by Roman believers, repaired and consecrated it "in the name of Saint Saviour, Jesus Christ our God and Lord," Christchurch as it is called to-day. At his bidding, Ethelbert built, without the city walls and only some 200 yards away, the Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, to be a burial-place for the Bishops and the Kings of Kent, and endowed the monks with lands. When Augustine died in 604, this building was still incomplete, and, possibly for use during its construction, a smaller church was made on the traditional site of Ethelbert's temple, and dedicated to St. Pancras, the walls being of Roman bricks, chipped and broken, found on the spot. There, says the chronicler, at an altar where Ethelbert's idol had stood, Augustine celebrated the Christian Feast.

Emulating as it is thought the example of Constantine, the King also gave up his palace to be the nucleus of the monastic house of Christchurch, and himself removed to Reculver. By degrees the city, especially where the wooden houses clustered most thickly round abbey and priory, became covered with a chain of little churches, the greater number of which still have their representatives in Canterbury to-day.

The instruction of the younger members of the Christian community began at a very early date: the school of the Archbishop and the City was in all likelihood founded by Augustine. In 637 Felix, another missionary Bishop, apparently modelled on its system a school which he started in conjunction with Sigebert, King of East Anglia, where boys were taught grammar under "pedagogues and masters, after the fashion of the Kentish folk," or as some interpret it "the men of Canterbury." Archbishop Theodore of Tarsus (668), with the help of his friend Hadrian, the learned Abbot of St. Augustine's, enlarged the scope of the school, and gave instruction in the Scriptures, Latin, and Greek, "in metre-craft, in star-craft and in grammar-craft" to a crowd of scholars from all parts of England.

CHAPTER III

THOMAS BECKET AND THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

I.—INTRODUCTORY

THE opening of the ninth century saw Canterbury again exposed to the onslaught of a pitiless foe. In 833, when Ceolnoth succeeded to the See, nearly all the inhabitants had taken flight in dread of the Danes who were occupying Sheppey. Their alarm was justified; in 839 and again in 850 the city was sacked, although for some unexplained reason there was no massacre of the townsfolk.

It has been conjectured that Ceolnoth coined into ransom-money gold and silver vessels, and bought off the citizens' lives at a price which left his Chapter in penury; numerous coins bearing his impress are extant. But bribery, which might circumscribe, could not stay Danish rapacity. Gradually the country was overrun by robber hordes, who occupied the forest tracts, where game abounded, and thence sallied forth to pillage thane and serf, township and monastic house.

King Alfred's victory at Ethandune in 878 at last brought his land relief. After a time the Danes sought a permanent settlement, and the son of a Dane, in the person of Archbishop Odo (926-58), even came to fill St. Augustine's Chair.

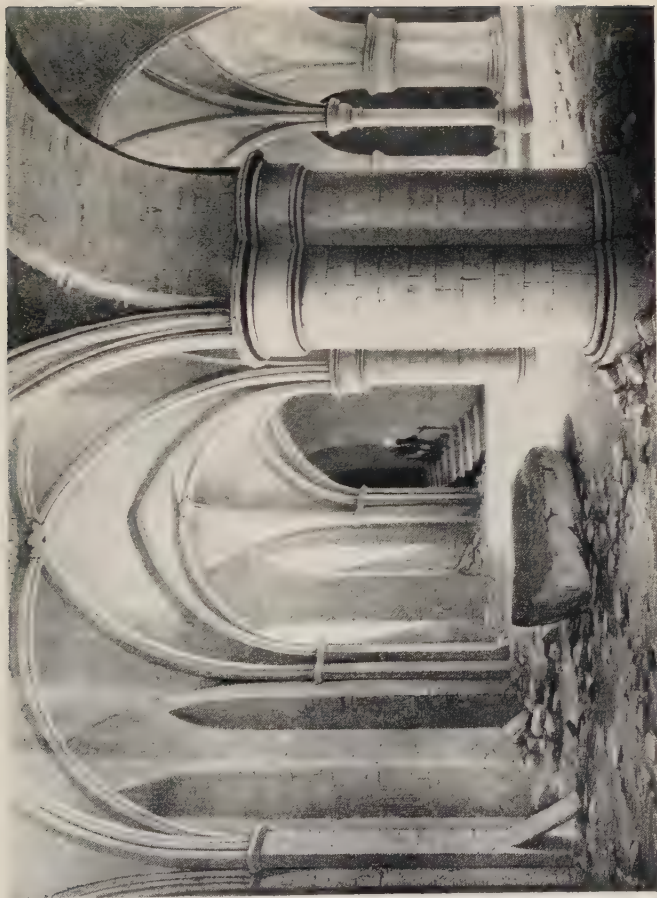
When Elphege became Archbishop in 1006, the atmosphere of conciliation had been rudely swept away by the massacre of St. Brice's Day, when every English host received command to murder the Danish soldier guest who lodged in his house. This treachery brought its own punishment in a fierce outbreak unreprieved by the Danish leaders. Elphege stood once again in the same plight as Ceolnoth; advancing over the ashes of ravaged

villages, the Danes under Thurkill surrounded the walls of Canterbury. Once more they were bought off, but in 1011 renewed the assault. As of old many of the population had fled, but Elphege remained and organized the poorer citizens for a gallant defence, admonishing them by the patience of Christ and the victorious constancy of the martyrs. On the twentieth day of the siege a traitor, said by some to have been Aelfmaer, Abbot of St. Augustine's, set part of the city ablaze. The citizen-garrison rushed from the ramparts to save their homes and kindred, and with clamour and trumpet-blast the Danes assailed the forsaken defences.

The scenes that ensued are written in horror on the records : death by sword or flame ; many flung headlong from the city walls ; women tortured to give up treasure-hoards of which they knew nothing. Elphege, hoping vainly for some reverence towards his person, interceded for the children—under their mothers' eyes tossed from spear to spear—offering to give his life for theirs. But he was seized and dragged to witness the burning of his cathedral, where, as he well knew, many defenceless persons had taken shelter. When the awful day drew to an end he was led to the North Gate, where eight hundred unfortunates, the only remnant, it is said, of seven thousand victims of the assault, were being sold into slavery. The Archbishop's ransom was fixed at 3,000 gold pieces, but he refused to part with the Church's treasure, the treasure of the poor, to enrich a pagan foe, and was finally carried away from the city in chains.

His captivity with the Northmen's army lasted seven months ; the end came, at Greenwich, by the blow of an ox-bone hurled in drunken sport, and the stroke, more merciful, of a battle-axe.

Ten years later, in the gold-bedecked barge of a Danish monarch, the body of the first Canterbury martyr was brought back for burial in his cathedral. In token of penitence for the crime, Canute bestowed on Christchurch Priory the port of Sandwich with its dues, and his crown of gold, for long preserved "in the head of the



THE EASTERN CRYPT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, 1841

great cross in the nave," and, traditionally, represented in the city arms.

Since Augustine, about 597, restored the Church of the Roman believers there have been only two buildings on the present cathedral site. The first, the Saxon Cathedral, stood in a close relation to the fourth-century building, even, it may be, incorporated some fragmentary portions of the earlier structure. In 1067 it was consumed by fire, and when in 1070 Lanfranc came to Canterbury, he "found the church of the Saviour, which he had undertaken to rule, reduced almost to nothing." He furnished the monks with their essential buildings, and next "in the space of seven years raised the new church from the very foundations." Anselm, who succeeded him in 1093, appointed to the Prior's office Ernulf, a Frenchman, once his pupil at Bec, who proved himself a great builder. Finding that Lanfranc's choir was insufficient for the growing dignity of his house, he took it down, and re-erected it, as William of Malmesbury records: "So much more magnificently that nothing like it could be seen in England, either for the brilliancy of its glass windows, the beauty of its marble pavement, or the many coloured pictures which led wondering eyes to the very summit of the ceiling."

Ernulf's successor, Conrad, still further adorned the choir, and the church was dedicated at a wonderful service, attended by the Kings of England and Scotland and all the Bishops of the English Church, on May 4, 1130.

In the Cathedral of Lanfranc, of Ernulf and Conrad, Thomas Becket was ordained to the priesthood on June 3, 1162, and the next day, the octave of Pentecost, consecrated and enthroned as Archbishop of Canterbury.

II.—THE MARTYRDOM

The years between 1170 and 1220 were the seeding ground of Canterbury history for centuries to come; indeed, it cannot be said even now that they have ceased to influence the fortunes of the city.

On December 1, 1170, after six months' exile in France, Archbishop Thomas Becket, now reconciled with his King, returned to his native land. A crowd of fisher-folk on the shore at Sandwich watched the arrival of the boat in which the primatial cross was set up in place of an ensign. As it sailed into shallower water they waded out and drew it eagerly ashore; others knelt on the sands and begged the Archbishop's blessing. Next day, in a triumphal procession, he passed along the road to Canterbury. Never, perhaps, has the city been so much moved, carried away in passionate hero-worship of a champion who had suffered many things at the hands of his King for asserting the privileges of Holy Church. As he entered by Burgate, a great crowd preceded him, laying down their garments for the exile to pass over; they welcomed him in words, which to their minds seemed not extravagant at such a moment, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." The clergy, in rich vestments, made part of the procession; bells rang from grey towers in every quarter of the city; trumpets sounded; the winter airs resounded with song. So great was the press, Becket was long in reaching his destination; at last, barefooted, in a humility the more striking because of his stately presence and tall upright figure, he entered the Cathedral, with the face of a man whose heart is afire, and prostrated himself in prayer. Then, one by one, the monks drew near where he sat in St. Augustine's Chair, at the summit of the long ascent of steps, and received the kiss of peace, all their past differences forgotten.

These exalted episodes must be remembered if we are to enter into the feelings of the citizens just three weeks later. Becket, once again at issue with Henry over the coronation of his young son by Archbishop Roger of York, had in the meantime gone to London, in a vain hope of reconciliation with the King; he returned to Canterbury for the Christmas feast, and as of old administered justice in his court under the north-west tower, and attended the daily offices in the choir. A sense of

impending doom hung over him; even in his Christmas discourse, "On earth peace," he spoke of the martyred Elphege and of another martyr Canterbury might yet look upon, until his hearers wept. With the fiery impetuosity characteristic of the man, he then suddenly changed his tone, as he had done when an exile before the great throng of pilgrims at Vezelay. In a voice of thunder he excommunicated all who were concerned in the Prince's coronation, and, with a terrible malediction on his lips, dashed the candle beside him to the floor. This scene he left for a last memory with those who heard and trembled at his fierce emotion.

On December 30, four knights of the King, Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracey, and Reginald le Breton, rode over from Saltwood Castle, with a number of armed men belonging to the household of Ranulf De Broc, and went through the city, interviewing the magistrates and chief citizens, and calling them, on the King's behalf, to follow armed to Becket's house. When they utterly refused, they were ordered, though they gave no help at any rate to offer no hindrance, and "not to stir whatever they might see or hear."

Dread of what should befall reigned all that day, and in the late afternoon many betook themselves to the Cathedral. "Meanwhile," says the monk William Fitzstephen, who was himself present throughout the whole tragedy, "we heard from the direction of the church a piteous noise of people of both sexes and all ages lamenting for us, as sheep of the slaughter." When the knights, after scenes of angry altercation, at last followed Becket through the Cloisters into the Chapel of St. Benedict—where he had been hardly persuaded to take shelter, fearing not death but the appearance of cowardice—some of the townsmen had been forced into their company and witnessed the martyrdom.

The last blow had been struck. Distraught with terror and amazement, all forsook the place, and the body of the murdered man lay on the pavement in the wintry twilight, utterly alone. Presently clerks and monks, servants and

citizens crept back again, and the silence was broken with lamentation prolonged far into the night. Next day, without mass or funeral chant, Becket's body was hurriedly interred in a new stone coffin, which stood in the rectangular chapel forming the eastern crypt, at the base of a column between the altars of St. John and St. Augustine. In the midst of their grief the monks had not failed to hear De Broc's warning: "Remove him quickly out of the way; hide his body where it may never be known; or it shall be torn asunder by horses and devoured by dogs." For three months the crypt was barred to all comers. The recent scenes of triumph, the long tension, the episode of defiant courage at which they had been spectators, all these, as well as the horror of unspeakable sacrilege, are factors in the mental processes by which Canterbury monks and citizens made of Becket in death a far more significant figure than he had been in life, and became themselves transmitters to other simple people far and near of a lively faith in the virtue of his wounded body.

Religious feeling was stirred to the depths; horror and pity and outraged reverence proclaimed the tragedy for generations to come. Times being as they were, nothing was forced or artificial in a mode of thought which discovered in the poor flesh relics of infinite sanctity, and made it an act of worship to approach the tomb and the shrine.

III.—THE PILGRIMS

Throughout a history of at least thirteen centuries Canterbury Cathedral has had one great enemy, attacking it at intervals and leaving it always worsted—that enemy is fire. Danger did not always arise from the incendiary: in earlier times it was ever present because of the little wooden houses which crowded closely upon the Precincts. On the afternoon of September 3, 1174, when a violent southerly gale was blowing, a fire broke out in some cottages near the cathedral gate. Unobserved, the wind carried glowing cinders between the

joints of the lead roofing, and suddenly, when danger to the city seemed over, flames were seen rising from the cathedral. Monks and people rushed together, drawing water, swinging their hatchets, eager only to save their splendid church.

But the enemy had taken too firm hold; half-burnt timber fell on the monks' seats and set them alight; the flames roared upwards, and walls and columns were scorched. Even at this moment some were despicable enough to tear down rich hangings and appropriate to themselves treasures they had saved from destruction.

The choir suffered most severely, and the pillars were so weakened that they seemed in danger of falling. The monks at once called in French and English experts to advise what should be done. Some counselled restoration; others, and amongst them William of Sens, an architect of the French school, saw that nothing but a complete rebuilding of the fabric would serve. Realizing the state of despair into which the monks were plunged by their calamity, at first he said little, but went on making quiet preparation until at last, "patiently if not willingly," they consented to the pulling down of their ruined choir.

In view of events which had startled the Christian world only four years earlier, it was natural that when approving fresh plans the monks should require some more imposing setting for the martyr's shrine than the little crypt chapel where his body now lay. A chapel occupied the eastern extremity of the church which had held, before the fire, an altar specially connected with Becket's devotion to the Holy Trinity. This had perished, and it was decided to rebuild it, not as before on the floor level of the aisles, but approached by two stairways, to north and south, and uplifted to the level of the platform where the Chair of St. Augustine crowned the long ascent from the choir.

In 1178 the conduct of the building operations passed into the hands of another architect, William the Englishman; William of Sens having been disabled by a fall from a high scaffold and compelled to return to France.

To English William's genius is due not only the Trinity Chapel, with its marvellous arcades, so disposed that the spectator looking eastward from the choir sees no limiting wall but avenues into untrammelled space, but also the eastern crypt supporting it, where massive strength and grace are so wonderfully combined. The remodelling of the crypt was carried out without disturbing Becket's tomb. For long before the completion of the new work the dim aisles of Ernulf's crypt echoed to the sound of pilgrims' feet and the great era of Canterbury had well begun.

No sooner, indeed, had the body of the martyr found burial than the report of miracles began to fly about. After three months of mysterious silence, on April 2, 1171, the doors of the crypt were at last flung open, and "through the entrance still used by us, beneath the same vaulted roofs and between the same piers and pillars our eyes now behold," flocked in a great company of sick and impotent folk, the deaf and dumb and blind, eager to test the healing virtue said to be instinct not only in the tomb but in all parts of the crypt. "The space so obscure and solemn in its present aspect," continues Canon Robertson in his vivid description of an April morning seven centuries ago, "was to those first eager pilgrims radiant with marvellous powers and bright with unlimited hope." But the revelation of powers so mysterious that "nothing was deemed too difficult for St. Thomas," aroused less admirable feelings in those who had slain their enemy only to be confronted with spiritual forces triumphant against the sword. Again they threatened and plotted to carry off the martyr's body; the monks became so uneasy that for a time they removed their treasure from its marble tomb and hid it in a wooden chest behind the altar of Our Lady of the undercroft, and when they at last replaced it the sarcophagus was surrounded with strong walls of stone banded with mortar, lead, and iron. In each wall were two oval windows through which devotees could lean and kiss the marble; the King himself, Henry II., a barefooted peni-

tent, only two months before the great fire, on Friday, July 12, 1174, knelt at the tomb, and putting his head through an aperture, received three blows with a scourge from each of the eighty monks, and five blows from each abbot and bishop present, and afterwards spent the night beside the tomb in prayer, watching and fasting.

The fire, as we have seen, destroyed the choir but not the crypt or the tomb. During the long process of rebuilding the stream of pilgrims never ceased. Many were of exalted rank; in August, 1179, King Louis VII., the first King of France to visit England, came in pilgrim weeds and was welcomed by Henry II., Archbishop Richard, Becket's successor, and a concourse of nobles. His gifts were worthy of a King, for he offered at the tomb a cup of pure gold, and (it was said under some diplomatic compulsion from the Prior) also the Regale of France, a princely ruby which for three centuries and a half glittered the proudest gem in the martyr's treasure. He gave also to the Priory a gift, yearly in perpetuity, of 100 Parisian "muys" (1,600 gallons) of wine. This same year the new eastern crypt, to uphold the new Trinity Chapel, was begun by William the Englishman, but the tomb was temporarily surrounded by wooden screens, so that pilgrims still came and went as before.

The monks in high triumph carried the Easter fire into their new choir on Easter Eve, 1180, and the corona and the new crypt had reached their present shape at the close of 1184. To Becket's fame, the fame of glorious architecture was now added, and from far and near crowds journeyed to Canterbury to wonder and admire.

About 1190 Richard I. and William, King of Scotland, and innumerable Crusaders sought the martyr's blessing, and the militant Archbishop Baldwin carried with him staff and scrip from the altar of Christchurch when he raised the banner of St. Thomas of Canterbury against Saladin.

A few years later, from the farthest north, came Hrafn

Sveinbjarnarson (the Raven), an Icelandic chief, who offered, besides great wealth, two teeth of northern ivory from a walrus which had been brought ashore in Dyra Firth, with much difficulty, only when the Raven had called on St. Thomas for his timely aid.

IV.—THE TRANSLATION

IN 1220 fell the jubilee of Becket's martyrdom. Archbishop Stephen Langton had long cherished the idea of removing the body out of the crypt, where it lay "as it were in the basement," to the glory of a shrine in the newly built Chapel of the Trinity. But the troublous circumstances of his election, and the six years' exile which it brought on the monks of Christchurch, long prevented fulfilment of his hopes. At last the auspicious moment arrived; the cloud of interdict was lifted; the boy-king Henry III., with the promise of youth upon him, sat on the throne of the graceless John. The martyr's death-day, December 28, was little suited for a ceremony likely to draw many thousands to the Kentish lanes; a date near to midsummer, July 7, was accordingly chosen; this—"the day after the octave of the apostles Peter and Paul, and the anniversary of King Henry II.," happily fell on a Tuesday, the week-day mysteriously related to the chief events in Becket's life. The invitations, issued in the form of an edict, two years in advance, made a stir in all the kingdoms of Europe. As the time drew near, throughout the archiepiscopal estates and the manors of Christchurch Priory the summons ran to pour into Canterbury provisions for a multitude. When the great day came, in the palace from which Becket had gone out to die, a feast upon vessels of gold and silver was spread for the guests assembled in his honour: the King, Pandulf the Legate, the Archbishop of Rheims, earls, barons, bishops, abbots and priors. For the lesser folk, wine barrels were set on their sides in the midst of the streets, sheltered with arbours of twisted boughs; and during the heat of the

day the Archbishop's servants gave freely to all comers. The visitors were without number, from near at hand and from far overseas; Canterbury and the neighbouring hamlets were filled to overflowing, and many took their rest in tents or under the open sky.

Meanwhile, by the Archbishop's order, carpenters had made a wooden chest suitably ornamented and strengthened against the relic-hunter with iron bands. On the eve of the great day, soon after Compline had ended, "when the world's people were already at rest," Archbishop Stephen, Walter the Prior, and the brethren made their way, awestruck and devout, along the alleys of the western crypt, and knelt in prayer around the tomb. The space between twilight and summer's dawn was all too short for devotion and for the solemn business in hand. Some of the brothers, chosen for the privilege because of their holy lives, rose and lifted the covering of marble from the protecting wall, carefully and speedily wrenched apart the iron cramps and removed the hewn stones. Next the sarcophagus itself was opened, and all pressed nearer to gaze on the martyr's bones. The raiment in which the body had been wrapped for burial "fell into dust by reason of its great eld"; the resonant crypt echoed cries of emotion and rejoicing, as the poor bones were raised from the coffin and set on a costly cloth before the Archbishop. He first laid aside some few of the precious "ossicula," "to make a loving present to certain excellent persons," and then most reverently bestowed the relics, with a bed of white flowers above and beneath, in the wooden chest. This was fastened securely with nails—did it not contain the convent's dower?—and carried into a hiding-place within the crypt, it may well be into the apse of St. Gabriel's Chapel, still mysteriously walled up.

On the seventh of July, at nine in the morning, the ceremony thus covertly begun was completed before the assembled pilgrims. Again a procession, the Bishops in their robes, traversed the crypt with solemn chant; the

chest was lifted from its resting-place and borne by Sir Hubert de Burgh and four great lords on their shoulders; it was too heavy for the child-king to share.

They carried it in triumph over the stones of martyrdom, past the great concourse in the nave, and mounted up to the choir, in its new splendour Becket had never seen. In the Trinity Chapel, where the light blazed through jewelled windows storied with miracles of the saint, the shrine stood ready. The monkish craftsmen, Walter of Colchester and Elias of Dereham, had wrought the plates of gold and garnishing of gems on a network of golden wire, from the lavish gifts of the faithful.

There, in the circle of rose-red pillars, the bearers laid down their burden.

CHAPTER IV

ARCHBISHOP SIMON SUDBURY AND THE PEASANTS' RISING

I

FROM the date of the Translation, the supreme attraction of Canterbury, alike for the devout churchman and the traveller of every type, centred in the shrine, wonderful to look upon, endowed with beneficent powers and fabulous wealth.

The names of many fourteenth-century pilgrims are known to history; thither came in 1322 the powerful baron and outlaw, Bartholomew, Lord Badlesmere, defying the royal proclamation, with nineteen knights in his train who wore armour hidden under their surcoats, but carried their swords openly past the very sanctuary. The citizens hastened to inform the King; the proud Badlesmere was at last hunted down and executed, his head fixed on a pole in Burgate, his body laid in the Grey Friars' Churchyard.

But for most Englishmen the Canterbury pilgrim is one of a little company of twenty-nine who ride on an April morning, gay and debonair, enlivening the way with a merry tale, through Kentish lane and cherry-orchard, till they reach at last

" A litel town
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down
Under the Blee in Caunterbury weye."

There they all vanish from sight. Some few, indeed, reappear, now at the end of their journey, in the pages of a very halting rhymester, yet a lover of Chaucer, the author of the "Tale of Beryn." He lodges them at the "Cheker of the Hope," the great inn, built by the Priory, still standing at the corner of Mercery Lane, and after

prudently ordering dinner, they go to the Cathedral to make their offering. At the church door the Knight, still a very perfect gentleman, settles the question of precedence, and the company are sprinkled with holy water, in order of their rank, by one of the monks. As they follow the long aisles to the shrine, Pardoner and Miller peer up at the stained-glass windows, trying to puzzle out the story. "He carries a quarter-staff," says one; "No," says the other, "your eyes deceive you; that is a spear, point forward, to prick an enemy in the shoulder." The host of Southwark upon this begs them both to mind their manners. At last the pilgrims kneel at the shrine, tell their beads to St. Thomas, and, obediently kiss the holy relics. Before leaving, as the custom is, they choose tokens to stick in their caps, but the Miller and the Pardoner purloin a handful of Canterbury brooches. After dinner the Knight, putting on "a fressher gown," takes a walk with his son to look at the city walls, and criticizes their defensive power against arblast, bow, or gun-shot. The Monk goes with the Parson and the Friar to call on an old acquaintance; the Wife of Bath, who is fatigued, leads the Prioress by the hand to the inn garden and along its trim alleys set out with herbs, sage, and hyssop, for flavouring the pot. It is a homely picture, but in some such fashion, no doubt, the famous pilgrimage ended for most who entered on it.

Had Chaucer's company indeed reached their destination about the time of their imagined journey, the city was in turmoil and the spirit of revolution abroad.

II

In 1376 Canterbury citizens saw the cortège of the Black Prince pass, in a long procession of nobles and statesmen, through the old West Gate, and turn, with sable plume and banner, along Mercery Lane into the Cathedral, where at the gate the knights put aside their arms—since the murder of St. Thomas no one bearing a weapon might enter. Close to Becket's shrine the body

was laid, beneath the splendid tomb which destroying hands of the ages have spared ; the effigy, now dimmed to the tint of bronze, was then bright gold from head to foot, adorned with enamels, the crown studded with gems. But even in death there came with the Prince memories of devastating wars with France, which if they had brought a fighting triumph to his race, brought also a load of taxation, while his young son occupied the throne to count for a disturbing influence in national life. The focus of unrest was now to be in England, and for a time at least in Canterbury.

In the year 1375 Simon Tibbald, called from his birth-place in Suffolk Simon Sudbury, was translated from the See of London to the Primacy of all England. His foreign education and favour with the Papal Court, his frequent absences from the country on diplomatic errands, his legal acquirements in an age when the lawyer was suspect, and to some extent also his blunt and uncompromising manner combined to win for him an unpopularity ill-deserved by a man of high principle and kindly heart.

He came to Canterbury, as it were with a black mark already against his name. The chronicler relates that in 1370, when the fourth Jubilee of St. Thomas the Martyr was celebrated, an eager crowd of pilgrims flocked towards the shrine. On the vigil of the Translation, Sudbury, then Bishop of London, happened to be riding in the same direction. He had the temerity to stop and warn the crowd that those plenary indulgences (assurance of forgiveness for this life and the next) which they hoped by their pilgrimage to win, were of no avail without a true change of heart. His hearers were overcome with angry astonishment, some even uttered maledictions upon the contemner of the glorious Martyr, and a Kentish knight, Sir Thomas of Aldon, riding up to the Bishop, assured him he had spoken at the peril of his soul, and a death of shame must doubtless be his lot ; to which prophecy the populace added a fervent Amen.

An Archbishop with views in advance of his age,

ready to undermine the very glory of Canterbury and destroy confidence in the efficacy of pilgrimage, was little likely to be welcome to the citizens. Sudbury was well aware of the popular sentiment; he was obliged as a Minister of State to bear his share of odium for crushing taxation, but he determined by personal generosity to win also a share of goodwill. Canterbury benefited to the full by this policy. Sudbury's immediate predecessors had husbanded the resources of the See, and his coffers were well provided. He was enthroned at the Cathedral on Palm Sunday, April 6, in spite of the holy season, with a splendour which reminded the inhabitants, who were no inexperienced critics, of the lavish hospitality of their youth. The banquet consisted of every kind of fish. The Earl of Stafford did not scorn to act as High Steward and set the first dish on the high table; his retainers rode round the hall and by joke and repartee heightened the merriment of the guests.

Nor was Sudbury content with a momentary display. The nave of the Cathedral, more dear to the lay-folk as their allotted place of worship than the ceremonial choir of the monks, had long shown alarming signs of decay. As Lanfranc's Norman builders left it at the close of the eleventh century it had two western towers; the northernmost remained intact until less than a hundred years ago, and is still to be seen in old engravings, squat, sturdy, and venerable by contrast with its companion tower, rebuilt in the Gothic style. Within were sombre alleys of rounded arch and pillar, of which the present Norman crypt gives some idea; the people's altar was at the east end before the screen, and from the great rood beam above it the golden crown of Canute hung suspended. The nave had suffered no damage in the great fire of 1174, and consequently escaped reconstruction; by the date of Sudbury's appointment it had become ruinous past repair. He determined to emulate the great builders of Christchurch and his contemporary William of Wykeham and rebuild this part of the Cathedral from the foundations. The monks were consulted, plans pre-

pared and steps taken to supplement the funds available for so great an undertaking. In 1378 the Archbishop granted a forty days' indulgence to subscribers, the coats of all who bore arms to be perpetuated on the bosses of the roof. In June, 1379, when the work was already begun, the possessions of Aymar de la Roche, Archdeacon of Canterbury, confiscated on account of his disloyal adherence to the French, were handed over for this excellent purpose. Six local stonemasons, Thomas Hoo, Richard Cook, Richard Weyland, Geoffrey Attewell, John Asshe, and James' Gylot, were specially exempted from jury service for so long as they were engaged on the fabric.

Nor were Sudbury's energies confined to his own cathedral. He showed a keen practical interest in needful repairs about the city. By arrangement with the citizens, two of their number, William de Topclyf and John Roper, together with the bailiffs, were appointed "to take masons, carpenters, and other labourers for the works at the cathedral and the walls and dykes of the city, and to set them thereon at wages to be paid by them." In return for this co-partnership in labour, Sudbury began at his own expense to extend the fortification of the enclosure, and construct a new gate in place of the old West Gate, on the top of which stood the ancient parish church of St. Cross, belonging to the Priory of St. Gregory. Church and gate were razed to the ground, and the parishioners provided with a new church, which bore the old dedication, on a plot adjacent.

The works were still in progress a month before Sudbury's death, when protection for a year was given to William Londeney, another mason, "working with the Archbishop of Canterbury on the new city wall." Sudbury's addition, known as the Long Wall, skirted an arm of the Stour and extended from the West Gate to the North Gate across the Thanet Road. One or two of the bastions and a few fragments built into modern cottages are all that now remain; his splendid turreted gateway still spans the London Road; but its passage being too

narrow for the extent of modern traffic another roadway has been made beside it.

Sudbury's plans for the Cathedral were far less completely accomplished. It is indeed uncertain exactly what part of the nave is to be attributed to him; monastic historians give him the two western transepts, but the doorway at the north-west corner bears his arms, a "talbot sejant" on the west corbel of the hood-moulding. The clang of the mason's hammer upon gate and tower could not for long drown the more sinister clamours which now invaded the city's peace and brought Sudbury's activities to a tragic close.

It is not proposed here to tell the story of the Peasants' Rising except as it concerns Canterbury, and incidentally the men of Kent. The broad underlying causes were everywhere the same. The rising is an episode of such great and tragic interest in the history of the English labourer because it shows him awakened, after centuries of patient servitude, to the conception of personal liberty and the meaning of the Christian ideal, all men are of equal worth in God's sight.

All Kentish labourers were freemen in the eyes of the law: in Canterbury, a bondsman's children born within the city bounds were "free for evermore." In practice they were free from many, but by no means from all, servile duties on the lord's demesne. They made insurrection to get rid of these, demanding instead of compulsory services the right to pay a fixed rent of 4d. an acre. The lords of the men of Canterbury were to a great extent the religious houses; their grievances were recognized as being in a rather different category, probably based on customs, such as tied mills and markets, which interfered with the free development of trade in the city. The unwillingness of the conventual houses to pay their quota when any subsidy was laid on the city was at all periods a fruitful source of irritation. On one occasion, about 1329, the citizens called a meeting in the Blackfriars' churchyard, and threatened the Priory of Christchurch, if it persisted in refusal to contribute, with

broken windows and disabled mills, the eviction of the tenantry, the withholding of food supplies and destruction of waggons, and personal violence to any monk, even to the Prior, if he showed himself in the city. A deep trench was to be dug before the Priory gate, and every pilgrim put on oath, before he entered, to make no offering however small; while each man present at the assembly vowed he would yet wear on his finger a gold ring from Becket's treasure. There was also at the present crisis some admixture of political feeling, especially against John of Gaunt, and much of that obstinate fighting spirit which distinguishes, and at the nation's need ennobles, Kentish folk. In Canterbury unrest began at least four years before the final outburst. In July, 1378, a commission was issued to the bailiffs and certain citizens, including John Tebbe and Thomas Oteryngton, to ascertain who were the disturbers of the peace responsible for assembling the citizens in great numbers, stirring up discord and debate, and "so obstinately holding together that they will not submit to justice but combine by insurrection to resist the King's ministers."

It is noteworthy that Tebbe and Oteryngton were among the chief sufferers in the riots of 1381.

In January, 1380, Sudbury was made Chancellor. Throughout the spring the city was still in a restless state, large crowds assembling daily, the ringleaders still undiscovered, and their very names unknown.

Fresh cause for exasperation was given in January, 1381, by the appointment of the bailiffs to ascertain, before the ensuing Easter, particulars of all lay persons in the city over the age of fifteen, "notorious beggars" alone excepted. This was to form a fresh basis for the levy of the hated poll tax, designed to meet the expenses of the French wars and with the greed sprung of necessity and an empty treasury, to plunder the pockets of the labouring people who were believed to be enjoying unwonted prosperity. This, the third levy, was voted by the Parliament of Northampton in 1380; the richest folk were to pay not more than £1; the poorest married

couple not less than 4d. between them. The English arms by land and sea had now suffered complete collapse, and none are as ready to be taxed for defeat as for victory. In May, 1381, a despairing effort was made in Canterbury as throughout Kent to "equip all laymen between the ages of sixteen and twenty to resist foreign invasion against the enemy."

The new census showed an abnormal decrease on that of 1377: Kent, indeed, declared that since the last return a great multitude of both sexes had died; but this pert evasion, "insufficient if not false," brought little advantage to its authors. A fresh set of commissioners were promptly sent round to scrutinize the returns and extort payments previously escaped. Throughout the early summer secret preparation for revolt, already so long afoot in Canterbury, went forward with renewed intensity. Agitators made their way through town and village: foremost among the Kentish group was a priest from the north, one John Ball, who had already three times tasted captivity in the Bishop of London's prisons. Froissart relates how Ball had been in the habit "on the Sondayes after masse whanne the people were goynge out of the mynster to go into the cloyster and preche and make the people to assemble about him." In the same way he called together the villagers when they left the country churches; the mean folk loved him, and even those who intended no good said that he spoke truth. If these words are to be taken literally Ball himself may well have been among the nameless authors of unrest in Canterbury; and the fact that in June, 1381, he had already been committed to Maidstone gaol, away from the scene of his activities, may account for the intense resentment of the rebels against Tebbe and Oteryngton, as agents of his arrest.

In the first few days of June, 1381, the men of Essex sent a message to invite support from Kent. Steps were at once taken to accost pilgrims on the road to Canterbury and compel them to take an oath of fidelity to King Richard and the Commons; and also to swear that they

would recognize no King who bore the name of John. This last injunction was aimed at John of Gaunt, the owner of great estates and by marriage-right titular King of Castile. At the same time, as if to fan the flame, the newly appointed commissioner of the Poll Tax, John Leg, accompanied by a judge with a special commission of "Trailbaston," in case of serious opposition, came down to Canterbury, but was stopped at the West Gate, and forcibly prevented from entering. By June 10 the home counties were in tumult and rebels already marching on London. On the same day a body of insurgents, drawn from the country round, entered Canterbury, welcomed by those who had opposed the tax-collectors. The Cathedral was invaded during mass by a mob who forced their way into the choir and interrupted the monks' singing, calling on them to elect a new Archbishop because Sudbury was a traitor and would shortly die a traitor's death. They then rushed back into the streets and forced the bailiffs to take an oath of fealty to their new rulers, "King Richard and the Commons," a strange oath which is evidence of unquestioned loyalty at this time to the King's person. The same eventful day saw the return, by forced stages, to London of the Queen-mother, the widowed Joan of Kent, who had gone, all unsuspecting of danger, to pray in the Cathedral, no doubt at the Black Prince's tomb. The rebels accosted her and her ladies on their hurried journey, but beyond some rough and not ill-natured jesting, offered her no hurt.

For the next three weeks, although the bailiffs, faithful to their oath, remained nominally in control, there was mob rule in Canterbury. In all the confusion, some notion of rough justice is traceable. Those places were attacked where records of any kind were kept, especially pleas affecting the villeins, or manorial rolls which showed the services due from tenantry: the officials in charge were roughly handled and the documents seized and destroyed, with the idea that in the absence of written evidence services could no longer be legally

claimed, and the tenant would be in future a free man. An attack on Canterbury Castle was headed by Walter Teghelere of Essex (Wat Tyler), John Hales of Malling, who was locally regarded as the leader of the insurrection, John Besyngbi, and a multitude of Canterbury men.

The Sheriff, William Septvantz, was dragged to prison, and compelled under fear of death to deliver up the Rolls of Pleas of the County and Crown Courts, fifty of which were burnt. He was afterwards forced to go, in custody of Wat Tyler, to his Manor House at Milton, where the process of destruction was repeated, Hales and his confederates consenting. Several prisoners were released from the castle dungeons, John Burgh, an approver, Richard Derby, a clerk, and two women, Agnes Jekyn and Joan Hampcot, being discovered fettered and manacled.

The party next proceeded to the Town Hall, and Besyngbi broke open chests and burnt books and other muniments bearing on the King's affairs. Another official who suffered violence was William de Medmenham, one of the King's Receivers of Green Wax.* His house in Canterbury was attacked and his goods trampled on and spoilt, and three days later his house also at Manston in Thanet. There were not many instances of personal violence; the lust for blood came on the insurgents at a later stage; but John Tebbe was robbed of twenty pounds' worth of goods and afterwards murdered on the first day of insurrection, and Thomas Oteryngton was assaulted, carried out of his house, and so severely handled that his life was despaired of. On June 15, John Tece also was dragged from his horse in the streets and killed. Many houses were plundered on the pretext of a search for documents; pilfering went on, encouraged by the release of convicts from gaol, and citizens were held up to ransom for their lives. There is evidence that the more ardent spirits roamed from house

* "Escheats are delivered to the Sheriffs out of the Exchequer under the seal of the Court, made in green wax, to be levied in the several counties."

to house, and even to outlying villages: on June 10, Henry Whyte, a Canterbury tailor, helped to rob Thomas Holte of Westgate, the same day he was one of Tebbe's murderers and assisted in plundering and destroying the manor of Well at Ickham, five miles away, belonging to Thomas Garwinton. Two lads of his company stole flitches of bacon worth ten pence apiece at Ickham after rioting at Canterbury. The crowd of citizens from various quarters of the city, Westgate, Wincheap, and Oatenhill, who thronged the narrow streets, were reinforced from all the countryside, so thoroughly had the propaganda fulfilled its purpose: peasants flocked in from Harbledown and Chartham, close at hand, from Boughton-under-Blean to westward, and Thanet towns on the east; from Newington, Lenham, Tunstall, Elham, Bexley, and from Lydd in Romney Marsh; some travelled longer distances, from Erith in the west of the county or from Maidstone, where, on June 11, the gaol was broken, in the hope of releasing John Ball, and all the prisoners freed. Henry Aleyn and John Colyn, from Petham among the woods and hills, were murderers of John Tece, and in their own village burnt the Archbishop's Custumal; they carried on intermittent rioting from June 11 as late as August 5, and their women-folk lent a hand in robbery and intimidation. Others living in the nearer villages maintained the strangers. The rioters were men of many trades and callings; carpenters, weavers, a baker, cobbler, armourer, sawyer and mower, men-servants, and numerous tailors are mentioned expressly. Some of those who were to take part in the dread scene of Sudbury's execution, such as Richard de Denne and Roger Baldewyn, had already done their worst in Canterbury, and as they marched up to London spread the riot "from ville to ville." Irresponsible proclamations were issued in Canterbury from time to time, and when the excitement began to abate, John Gyboun of Maidstone, foreseeing reprisals, forced the bailiffs, on July 1, to make a levy on the whole community in order to resist the judges assigned to restore tranquillity.

While these things were taking place, the main body of insurgents had swept on to London, with the idea of demanding fresh charters to confirm the privileges believed to be secure now that old tell-tale muniments were destroyed. Canterbury Cathedral was attacked on Monday, June 10; by June 12 men of Kent were with the crowds who turned Blackheath, on the outskirts of London, into a rebel camp. As they poured into the city their cry was: "To the Savoy, to the Savoy"; John of Gaunt, fortunately for himself, was in the north arranging a truce with Scotland, when his palace was burnt and razed to the ground.

Next day a sterner fate befell the Chancellor-Archbishop. Scarcely ever have the dread walls of the Tower witnessed more tragic scenes, and in the person of Sudbury a more heroic demeanour in the face of men raging like beasts.

Poet and chronicler describe the last scene. In a chamber within the walls the young King and his servants, Sudbury, Sir J. Hales the Treasurer, Commissioner Leg of the Poll Tax, the Earls of Kent and Suffolk, Warwick and Salisbury, watched through the narrow embrasures the sky red with great conflagrations; without the multitude on St. Katherine's Hill clamoured for the death of the ministers and especially of Sudbury. A day dragged by, and early on Thursday, June 13, Sudbury tried to escape by water from the Tower stairs, but was seen by the lynx-eyed watchers on the hill and forced to return. Next, the King, after anxious debate, rode out to meet the rebels at Mile End, leaving Sudbury and Hales in their prison. Part of the compact arrived at, inevitable perhaps but not less deplorable, involved the delivery of the Tower and its refugees to the wrath of the rebel army. There could be no question of the fate awaiting the ministers; Sudbury calmly prepared himself and Hales for the end. Four hundred of the mob burst into the Tower, "broke up chamber after chamber, and at last found the Archbishop of Canterbury, called Simon, a valiant man and a wise," in the chapel cele-

brating the Feast of the Betrayed. He was dragged out, pinioned and marched between men with drawn swords to Tower Hill, amid savage yells of hatred. As no executioner could be found, one of the mob undertook the awful deed, and, all unskilful, prolonged the Archbishop's sufferings, but did not shake his steadfast courage. Sudbury's head was fixed on London Bridge, with a hat nailed upon it to make his identity plain. Six days later his headless body was taken back to Canterbury and laid in the choir of his Cathedral, with a ball of lead where the head should have been. When animosities at last died away, the citizens remembered their debt of gratitude to the murdered man, and for nearly half a century the bailiffs and corporation visited year by year the canopied tomb at Christmas-time, to offer prayer for his soul. The practice was "withdrawn" to spite the Prior and convent of Christchurch, with whom the city fathers had a petty squabble about the fishmarket, and the prayers were thenceforward said "under the prison-house called Westgate," which, if less appropriate in other respects, was still associated with Sudbury's memory.

After the death of Wat Tyler, the men of Kent were peaceably dismissed to their homes across London Bridge, but they returned to Canterbury only to stir up fresh riots. Throughout July and September the county was much disturbed, though the centre shifted to Maidstone, where the Earl of Kent had already held hanging assizes. It was alleged that certain pilgrims from the north, coming to the shrine, had reported that the Duke of Lancaster had freed all his bondmen on estates in different counties; the insurgents, disgusted at the young King's perfidy, were now anxious to offer their erstwhile enemy the crown.

In November, 1381, Parliament met and passed an act of pardon to the rebels with certain exceptions, among them the men of Canterbury. Some of the recent offenders were captured but acquitted by juries weary of bloodshed, and their leaders pardoned.

CHAPTER V

CIVIC GOVERNMENT TO 1448

THE civic government of Canterbury is an exceedingly interesting study, owing to the lengthy period through which development can be traced. Just as the modern city preserves, both under and above ground, often embedded in occupied dwelling-houses, fragments of stone belonging to a far-off past, so the present-day government is united, by a chain of which few links are missing, with the government of the Heptarchy.

Canterbury was originally "*Civitas Regis*," a city vested in the King, part of the royal demesne. The King was lord of the soil, of all land within the city boundaries, and also of burghers' houses and other buildings erected upon it.

To him belonged profits derived from pasturing flocks or from growing crops, profits of fairs and markets, fines levied in courts of justice.

He could, however, alienate portions of the city, with any rents or other profits arising therefrom, to private individuals or to religious houses, and this power was exercised at a very early date with the grant of Staplegate to Augustine and his companions, and of other lands and revenues to the priory of Christchurch and the abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The multiplication of owners each with special rights and privileges, and of areas under separate jurisdiction although within the city bounds, became in course of time a constant source of friction and unrest.

The condition of the King's property in Canterbury, the character of the tenancies and the sources of revenue about the time of the Conquest, is shown in the Domesday Survey (1080), sections of which are repeated and extended in surveys taken specially for the great monastic



THE PILGRIMS' SLEEPING CHAMBER AT THE CHEQUERS OF THE HOPE

houses of Christchurch and St. Augustine. Under Edward the Confessor, fifty-one burgesses had paid to their landlord the King a quit rent of about 1s. 6d. per annum (to be compared with a modern ground-rent) on each of their dwelling-houses; 212 other tenants evidently held very small tenancies, patches of land or gardens, for they paid no rent, but were subject to the "suits and services of the King's Court"—that is to say, were compelled to bring their law-suits to be adjudged in courts from which the King took profit of the fees. Just before the survey, the number of rent-paying burgesses had been reduced to nineteen, for the reason that an extension of the city fortifications, probably on the west side, where the great West Gate now stands, had obliged the sacrifice of eleven houses for making the moat; for the same reason fourteen other houses had been exchanged with the Abbot of St. Augustine's for the site of the Castle; and the Archbishop had seven more, to further the scheme in some way which does not appear. The 212 humbler tenants were not disturbed, while a rent of 108s. was yielded by three flour-mills, turned by the waters of the Stour, and a market toll of 68s. purchased for the citizens certain privileges of buying and selling their goods.

One meadow in particular, used by Edward the Confessor to feed the horses of his messengers or his own horses when he passed through the city, was left by the Conqueror for the burgesses' use at a rental of 15s. a year. This field, close to the Stour and in the parish of St. Stephen's, still bears the name of the King's meadow, and remained till recent years the property of the Corporation.

The inclusion of 1,000 acres of scrub-wood, rented at 24s., in the royal estate, is a reminder that the outer circuit of the city extended to several outlying villages.

The management of the royal borough was delegated to various classes of people: Part, as has been said, was handed over entirely to privileged individuals and religious houses, certain services alone remaining to witness to the King's ownership.

Part, such as the flour-mills, was retained in the hands of the Crown, represented by its officials.

Part was let at a fixed rent to certain burgesses.

For part the Sheriff was answerable to the King.

The Sheriff, who had been in Saxon times pre-eminently the people's officer, as the royal authority increased, became not only chief administrator of justice and keeper of the peace within the county, but also the King's estate-agent, stocking and improving his lands, and above all, collecting the royal revenues. As regards the estate of Canterbury, Hamo Dapifer, Sheriff of Kent at the Domesday period, had leased his portion to a private individual, and this practice of farming out the revenues, the Sheriff himself retaining a percentage to requite his pains, continued for a century and a half; the annual return of rent paid over to the royal purse appears in the Pipe Rolls. The Sheriff was held to account for £30, assayed and weighed, and £24 by tale, all of which he recovered from his tenant, and he received 110s. for himself.

Domesday supplies the names of certain possessors of hereditary rights bestowed on them before the Conquest by the Saxon Kings. The most interesting name is that of Queen Ediva, wife of Edward the Elder, whose portrait may be seen in the chapel of St. Martin in the Cathedral. Tenants on the property once hers were for ever exempted from summons to the King's courts. The separate jurisdiction of the Church is also well illustrated. The King had the right to receive a fine for trespass committed on the highways within the city, and also without the city for a distance of two to three miles; any person digging or setting up a post in the roads was liable to be followed by the King's reeve and punished. The Archbishop, however, claimed that wherever his lands bordered the high road on both sides the fines for trespass were his by right.

In view of later relations between the King and the citizens, the references which Domesday makes to certain houses, forty-five in number, handed over to the burgesses

themselves, that they might profit by the rents, are of special interest. Thirty-three acres of land were also allotted for the Burghers' Guild, not an association for trade purposes, but a sworn brotherhood and alliance for defence of their common rights which existed among the free citizens, a "nursing cradle," as it has been called "of popular liberty."

We have so far regarded Canterbury as a royal estate. It was clearly necessary that the men living on that estate should be subject to some direct civic administration in the interests of law and order.

From Saxon times until the Conquest the evidence, though scanty, suffices to show that the city was presided over by a magistrate appointed as the King's own deputy. Charters of the eighth century, among the Cathedral archives, mention one Aldhune, prefect of the city (c. 780). Nearly two hundred years later (956), Hlothewig Portreeve (portgerefa) witnesses a sale of land within the boundaries. Some of his successors in the same office bear the different title of Provost (Præpositus); in the time of Ethelred, the provost of Canterbury is said to have been taken prisoner by the Danes; under Edward the Confessor Bruman was prefect. After 1221 they are called Bailiffs (Ballivi), the two earliest being named Arnold Benewith (Binnewith is the island part of the city), and Charles Mercer. Hitherto the bailiffs had been the King's nominees. In 1234 occurred a change of great importance for the city. Henry III., the royal landlord, agreed by charter to grant his city of Canterbury to the citizens themselves "in fee-farm for ever," at a rent of £60 per annum payable to the Exchequer, with this further privilege, that they were given power to choose their own bailiffs.

Henceforth the bailiffs continue in an unbroken succession, as a rule two holding office at a time, until 1448, when the dual office was abolished and the mayoralty established.

The bailiffs were assisted in the execution of their duties by a special court and by special officials. The

court of the citizens, usually known as the Burghmote, was established at least as early as Henry I., though not recognized by charter till Henry II., who permitted it to be summoned once in fifteen days. The summons was given in the reign of Richard II. by the sounding of a horn of brass, a practice that continued for centuries. From time to time there are entries in the city's accounts for the repair of this famous horn, and to this day (although the City Council are brought together by a common-place printed notice), at the annual mayoral banquet the toast of the Mayor is preluded by a blast from its stout brazen throat, and the old notes ring on down the ages.

The Burghmote was composed of six aldermen, an upper court of twelve jurors and a lower court of thirty-six worshipful men elected directly or indirectly by popular vote. Actions of all kinds, both civil and criminal, were tried before it; the wills of citizens were recorded, and the wills also of their wives, who by right of an ancient and unusual custom, had the power of disposing by testament of their freeholds within the city.

Freemen were admitted by the jurors independently of the court, and their names afterwards enrolled. The Burghmote was also a court of record, and instruments of all kinds, such as acknowledgments of debt, enrolled before it were accepted as sworn evidence in courts of law elsewhere.

The greater number of the existing records do not go back beyond the middle of the fifteenth century, but there still exist several small parchment rolls, with entries in abbreviated Latin, of the time of Edward I., the earliest of the year 1272.

These rolls give glimpses all too scanty into the relation of this ancient court to citizen-life.

Cases occur of violent assault, of breach of contract, theft, and the like. Gunnora atte Gate is sent to prison for striking, insulting, and throwing stones at Richard Folkere, who, for some unknown reason, had displeased

her. The country folk come into town to sell their ale, wool, and cloth, and sometimes sue for payments due; such are Stephen of Hardres, Cicely of Fordwich, Alan Ospringe, Robert Ratling of Sandwich, all from neighbouring villages. Richard the Tailor is summoned for detaining silk, "Sindon," and linen given him by Simon of Wickham to make up into garments; John of Bread Street, in London, with his associates, Simon Barkysdale and William and Alice Chapman, is condemned to the pillory as a common pickpocket; it may well be he has come from town into Canterbury to ply his nefarious trade in the concourse of pilgrims to Becket's Shrine.

The most important of the city's officers was the Treasurer, known also as the Cofferer or Chamberlain, and to-day as the City Treasurer. Like that of bailiff, this office also was sometimes duplicated; in 1480, Nicholas Sheldwich and William Faunt, son of a notorious Mayor, Nicholas Faunt, were jointly Chamberlains. Their duty was to receive the income of the city, and make all payments on behalf of the Corporation.

The account-books of the Chamberlains, almost without a break, cover five centuries, beginning with the reign of Richard II. The oldest volume, dating from 1393, a great paper folio, is bound in "stamped vellum clasped with brass, and enclosed in an outer cover made of tanned calf-leather dressed with the hair on." The accounts for 1585 note that one Ashenden was paid for "puttyng 4 buckells and leathers upon the 2 greate counte-bookes that were sent to London." The calf-leather was thus a travelling coat to protect the old books when they were taken a journey to yield their evidence in some lawsuit affecting Canterbury interests.

Another office of great importance was that of the Town Clerk. In 1405, he was provided with materials for an official robe—namely, two yards of striped cloth, "violet-ray," two yards of scarlet cloth and one lamb-skin at a cost of 15s. 7d.

The Court of Burghmote if the most important was

by no means the only court existing to maintain law and order among the citizens. Domesday Book describes Canterbury as "one entire hundred," showing that the city was not then divided into wards. The division took place probably about 1189, when King Richard first assigned an alderman to each of the six wards, taking their names from the six gates of the city, Westgate, Northgate, Burgate, Newingate (or St. George's Gate), Riding Gate, and Worthgate.

An aldermanry, with the emoluments attaching to it, was a freehold, and descended from father to son. It could be left by will; in 1387, Henry Garnate bequeathed the aldermanry of Westgate to his wife, amongst his other possessions.

The aldermen held their offices direct from the King, till under the charter of 1234 they passed (with the exception of Westgate) to the citizens. Westgate remained for many years with the Prior of Christchurch, who let it out for £10, and then it passed from hand to hand till it was sold to the city in 1492.

An alderman was privileged to hold a court, known as the Court Leet or View of Frankpledge, once in every three weeks, within his ward, to keep order and settle its internal affairs. "Intrantes," or new-comers into the ward, who were not freemen, had to give to this court pledges for good behaviour. Tasters were appointed by it to keep up a recognized standard of bread and ale; scolds and suspected persons were punished; and when an estate within the ward changed owners, particulars were entered on the rolls, and for every entry the alderman received 2s. The records of this court are preserved from 1362.

Another ancient court existing in Canterbury from Saxon times was the Court of Pie Powder, which was held during markets or fairs to regulate buying and selling and to keep order, the suitors, mostly country folk, attending in haste, with the dust of summer roads on their feet, "*pied poudreux*." A word must here be said about the privileges of freemen in Canterbury,

granted by the charters of successive kings and affecting them particularly in respect of their personal liberty, trade, and the administration of justice. Freemen of the city might practise a trade and use the windows of their dwelling-houses to display their goods where others required permission from the Burghmote. They might also demand by right a proportion of the corn and other foodstuffs brought into the markets from without the city for sale.

A freeman's child had only to pay his fees in the chamber in order to be free as his father before him, and the same privilege was extended to any man wedding a freeman's daughter. Of very ancient date is the privilege already mentioned that even a bondman's issue born within the franchise "shall be free for evermore." No man might take shelter or demand hospitality in a freeman's house against the owner's will, and within the city's boundaries "Freemen of Canterbury shall have their hunting and disport."

The freeman might attend the Council of the city and there speak and be heard, where others were to be "voyd," or thrust out. He was quit of certain forms of toll and custom over all England and by the coasts of the sea, and if any toll were forcibly taken of him he could appeal to the Sheriff of Canterbury.

No freeman could be summoned to appear in a law-court without the city, except where extraneous land was concerned; neither in the city courts could he be condemned by a foreigner, but only by his fellow-citizens, nor imprisoned, save in Canterbury; and if a fine was inflicted on him he had fifteen days to pay, so long as he gave surety. He could not be called to single combat, and in any suit could have "three delays" ere he was compelled to make reply.

In the fifteenth century the wages of the burgesses to Parliament, while they were on duty at Westminster and absent from their families, varied between one and two shillings a day, and were paid by the Cofferers of the chamber. Sir George Browne, always a generous

friend of the city, who with Roger Brent was its representative in the last Parliament of Edward IV. (January 22 to February 16, 1483), renounced his claim to any fee for his services, even to repayment of his expenses. In Queen Mary's reign the Corporation declined any longer to pay the burgesses' wages, and they were raised by a levy on the citizens at large, until finally abolished.

CHAPTER VI

YORK AND LANCASTER

IT is significant of the increasing pre-occupation of Canterbury citizens during the fifteenth century with trading and the development of their resources that the ancient fortifications were now put to profitable uses. By a charter of Henry IV. (1403) permission was given to turn "void and waste" land within the boundaries to account. The Dane John, which contained large earthworks, came under this description and was first let to a tenant in 1428. About the same time, sheep-feeding was allowed on the slopes of the city ditch, though ducks and geese were forbidden access to the water. This was important since fishing rights were reserved for the Corporation, and so late as 1569 there is mention of a payment of 1s. to a man who waded in the town dyke when the carp were taken. One of the leases for waste land mentions among the boundary-marks a turret bearing a cross of Caen stone; this can still be seen built into the masonry; another plot extended as far as fifteen crenellations of the wall. Bur-gate itself, with two towers and a chamber above the archway, was in 1445 let for 8d. a year, with a garden thrown into the bargain.

Even the city walls were adapted or repaired subject to the convenience of the citizens. Windows were pierced and protected by bars in one of the towers near the waterlock, to make it fit for habitation. Thomas Chiche and his family were permitted to take a short cut to church at "St. Mary de la Bredne" (St. Mary Bredin), through a hole in the wall, and another citizen, W. Lynde, to pierce an opening large enough to carry a gutter from his house in Stour Street to the river.

In 1445-6 some difficulty arose over the election of the Bailiffs: the citizens sent a lawyer to London to plead on their behalf that the ancient custom might continue, and tried to secure by a present the favourable influence of Cardinal Beaufort. Two years later a gift of two oxen and twelve sheep marked their satisfaction at a new charter which Archbishop Stafford had secured from Henry VI., at a cost to the city of 3 marks 2 shillings. By this charter the Bailiffs' office was abolished and a Mayor substituted. The name of John Lynde, elected in 1448, stands first on the long list of Mayors of Canterbury.

A great variety of trades were exercised in the city at this time, both by the Freemen, who had unrestricted rights, and by the Intrantes, in-comers, who in default of the freedom had to pay for permission to follow their callings. Among many others occur the trades of Corveser (shoemaker), Upholder (furniture-vendor), Pottery-Payntour, Hakeneyman, Skryvener, Lokyer, Barbour, Tryacleman, Hombaker, Fleccher (maker of bows and arrows), Fourbour (armour-repairer), Mynstrall, Braysier, Spon-maker.

Both Henry VI. and his Queen were well-known figures to the citizens. The King was at least ten times a pilgrim to the shrine, walking in procession with the monks through the city. In 1445 Queen Margaret, as a girl-bride, came on pilgrimage, and a pavilion or tent called "le Hale" was erected for her use, near the high-road through Blean Forest, a few miles without the city. From this time forward for several reigns this holiday palace figures in the records at every visit of royalty. No doubt it was pleasanter to live on the hill-top than in the narrow crowded streets on the plains. In 1483 the young Prince Edward (V.) remained there out of danger of an epidemic of "le Meyseyls" in Canterbury. The erection of the royal tent was costly and troublesome to the citizens, since provisions—bread, ale, fish, butter, cheese, and eggs—had first to be carried to the labourers; afterwards wine

of every description, Red-wine, Malvesey, Tyre and Bastard, bought by the gallon, the pottle and the cask from vintners in the city, was sent out in waggons; not to speak of other luxuries, hot bread and rolls called "Choynes," for the royal breakfast, and a comfortable armchair for the King to sit upon. The tent was made of white cloth, with silken hangings, and rushes were strewn on the floor. Queen Margaret at her coming received a present of a silver-gilt cup costing £7 7s. 6d. (for which, however, the silversmith was not paid for twenty years), and a sum of £13 6s. 8d., no doubt for her offering at the shrine, borrowed from a citizen on the same extended credit.

The feudal exactions which had brought about the Peasants' Rising were now practically a thing of the past: Kent had become the great manufacturing district of the day, a centre of the cloth trade, "seething with a busy population." The Complaint of the Commons of Kent, when they rose in 1450 under the leadership of the Irish adventurer Jack Cade, demanded political, not social reforms, and called for better administration, more careful expenditure of the royal revenues, and restoration of the freedom of election.

In Canterbury, Cade's rebellion was preceded in the same year by a local insurrection under a mysterious leader, one Thomas Cheyny, a fuller known as Blewberd the Hermit. The "great route" associated with him were dispersed, and he was captured by the Mayor, William Benet, and the Citizens, sent to the King at Westminster and sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered at Canterbury, and his head placed over the Westgate. About Trinity Sunday, Cade himself, with a large force of armed men, appeared before the city; the Mayor and Commons refused him entrance and he failed, or perhaps made no further attempt, to force his way in. In recognition of this loyalty and promptitude, Henry VI. confirmed the liberties of the city; saying that it deserved his peculiar grace, as it was situated in a very eminent place in the view of strangers, of those

coming into the kingdom as of those leaving it, and was "metropolis of the said kingdom."

Kentish men were seriously affected by the ruinous issue of the Hundred Years War. The Cinque Ports had gathered great wealth by constant piracy upon hostile merchant-ships, and it was said that every house showed some spoil from the wars.

Canterbury, on the one hand, shared a general dissatisfaction with conditions of government, which were oppressive, exacting, and hampering, especially to a community of traders bent on increasing their wealth. They shared also the injury to national pride of defeat by an ancient foe, an injury which did not spare the pockets of the locality. On the other hand, an hereditary attachment to the throne had resulted from the history of the city, and was strengthened by privileges secured from successive monarchs; while a personal loyalty to the saintly Henry VI. was fostered by his devotion to the local shrine, and hardly counteracted by the loss of rich provinces of France through his marriage-contract with Margaret of Anjou.

The rebellion which Canterbury had resisted ended in a victory of Kentish men over the royal forces at Sevenoaks, and an advance on London, where the unpopular minister, Lord Say, was executed. The well-tried ruse of unlimited pardons to the insurgents, after the death of Cade, was followed as of old by neglect to redress the grievances of the commons. In 1453 the birth, long-desired, of the King's son brought a hope of better things; at Canterbury the messenger who carried the news was rewarded with the munificent fee of 6s. 8d., and the Sub-Prior read out the news in the Cathedral nave after the procession, the people standing while the *Te Deum* was sung. But the King himself now sank into a state of intermittent insanity, and under the rule of the Regent and of the harsh and unpopular Queen the clouds of civil warfare descended on the country.

During the fateful years 1460-61 Kent, generally

speaking, was Yorkist in sentiment. In Midsummer, 1460, after a temporary check to the Yorkist arms, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick again landed on Kentish shores, and, backed by a general rising of the county, entered London. This hostile action of the great manufacturing district of the kingdom led up to the Yorkist victory at Northampton. After the battle of Wakefield, where the Duke of York was slain, a force of Kentish men barred the march of the Lancastrian army on London. After the further encounter at Towton Field on March 29, 1461, the Crown passed to Edward, Earl of March, the son of the fallen duke. Meanwhile Canterbury failed to identify itself wholeheartedly with either of the contending parties, but kept in touch with both and waited on events. There were signs of warlike preparations but no open strife. Stores of gunpowder were laid in and guns brought from Whitstable (the shortest route by sea from London), and fitted with new wheels. On Edward's accession, outwardly the new order of things was accepted. The King's brothers received a present of three capons, two oxen, twenty sheep, and three gallons of wine, but one John Stockham, at public expense, took a waggon-load, unspecified, to York, where the dethroned family were established, and John Ferdon, the servant of Nicholas Faunt, an ardent Lancastrian, rode to London to acquaint himself with the latest intelligence. The citizens were not anxious to risk their ancient privileges; a new sovereign made it necessary to reaffirm the charter, and an apparent acquiescence in Edward IV.'s accession was sound policy. The Charter of 1461, which referred diplomatically to the new monarch's cousinship with Edward the Black Prince, whose bones rested in the Cathedral, added important privileges to the citizens' birthright. In view of the poverty and the small population of the place, and the expense of constantly threatened invasion, £16 13s. 4d. of the annual fee farm rent of £60 was remitted, and the city was made a county in itself, "dis-

tinct and utterly separate from the county of Kent for ever."

In spite of this royal generosity, the Cofferer gave himself the malicious satisfaction of recording, in the secrecy of his account-book, wine purchased from John Fremyngham, a Yorkist vintner and ex-Mayor, and given to the "Earl of March"; it is one of many slight indications where his personal sympathies lay. In August, 1460, Edward, Earl of March, had come to Canterbury in the train of Henry VI.; a year later he came again on pilgrimage, himself wearing the crown, the first of many visits to the Cathedral which are commemorated in the great window of the north-west transept, where the portraits of the King and Queen and their children are still seen in the glowing panes.

In 1462 le Hale at Blean was prepared for a royal visit, and its white-cloth walls sent to the fullers to be cleansed. But peace was as yet by no means re-established. Warwick the King-maker, hitherto a supporter of the House of York, ostensibly discontented with Edward's policy, and especially his secret marriage with Elizabeth Woodville rather than a French princess, now rallied about him a group of disaffected Yorkists; Edward's proverbial good fortune turned against him; for a time he was a prisoner and later on compelled to fly to Holland.

In various episodes of this later campaign, Canterbury played a part still vacillating and uncertain, and the stage is filled by local celebrities of considerable interest. In 1468, £4 was expended in fitting out soldiers to assist Richard, Earl of Warwick, against a great French warship called the *Colunnes*, lying in the Downs, and nine large stones were carried from Maister Omers' (whose dwelling-house still exists in the Precincts), to Quenyngate close at hand, apparently to strengthen the fortifications in the event of a French landing. A year later and Warwick had shown his treacherous intent; the city, more than ever bewildered to know where safety lay, took the dangerous course of giving assistance to

both parties at once. Captain John Bigge, after his expedition had been plenteously toasted, led a band of men with a new Standard floating over their heads to the help of King Edward in Lincolnshire, receiving pay at the rate of 2s. a day and his men at 8d. a day. Meanwhile, Nicholas Faunt, now Mayor, paid a flying visit to London, to sit in Council with Henry VI., the Earl of Warwick, and the Lancastrian Lords. Queen Elizabeth Woodville showed her confidence in the city's loyalty by coming to stay at the Pavilion in the Blean. When news came of Edward's flight to Holland, Faunt was back again in Canterbury and obliged to consult for the safety of the city with two of his Yorkist colleagues on the Corporation, John Fremyngham, the wine merchant, and William Sellow, a mercer of good repute. A party of Lancastrian soldiers now threatened at the gates, led by Captains Quynt and Lovelace, probably Richard Lovelace, a particularly staunch adherent of the Red Rose, who had fortified the Manor of Babford against King Edward's officers. By persuasion, and bribes to the value of £1 13s. 4d., the captains were induced to withdraw their men and leave the city unharmed. The citizens, however, again took occasion to repair the walls, carrying away stone from the Norman Keep to strengthen the Worth Gate.

It is characteristic of the confusion of parties that in November, 1470, a feast was given by Faunt and his colleagues to George Browne, a Yorkist Squire of the neighbouring manor of Tonford, to celebrate his admission to the freedom. To Browne's good offices many of his fellow-citizens were presently to owe their lives. The next few months were full of a restless uncertainty. Messengers rode to and fro to Rochester, where Captain Quynt was giving fresh trouble, to London and to Sandwich; small bands of soldiers, fitted out with red-cloth jackets, crossed to Calais to assist Warwick and Lancaster; even the ambassadors of France halted in the city to drink wine and learn the truth of rumours which were abroad. In all the turmoil the figure of Nicholas

Faunt is clearly seen, organizing a watch at every gate for the city's safe-keeping yet all the while himself plotting and counter-plotting. Faunt was a grocer, apparently in a large way of business, owning ships to carry his merchandise overseas. In the spring of 1471 began the closing scenes of his career: William, known as the Bastard of Faulconbridge, son of Sir William Nevill, Earl of Kent, "a man of much audacity and factious withal, whom evil life stirred up to disturb the Commonwealth," was appointed captain of Warwick's navy, to cruise about St. George's Channel between Dover and Calais and prevent assistance coming to the Yorkists. He began to "play the pirate," robbing and spoiling all along the coast and even plundering the ships of England's ally, Alphonso, King of Portugal. To this sinister person Faunt allied himself with his chief lieutenant, Walter Hopton, an inn-keeper, and the Red Rose faction in Canterbury, described by the Cofferer as "honest persons." About the date of the battle of Tewkesbury Faulconbridge received orders to raise the County of Kent in the Lancastrian interest and came to Canterbury, no doubt on a recruiting expedition. Faunt, with a considerable number of men equipped out of the city funds, now showed his hand, left Canterbury and joined the Bastard, who, after marching through Kent and Essex collecting fresh forces, attacked the eastern suburbs of London. The ballad-makers describe their assault, the murder, plunder and burning of "fair places on the waterside"—which long remained a bitter memory. The Lord Mayor and citizens pursued the marauders and Faulconbridge made his way westward to Kingston-on-Thames. He had by now an imposing array of 20,000 men, and recruits were still flocking to his aid. Lord Scales, who held London for Edward, saw the pressing danger, and approached the rebel leaders, and in particular Nicholas Faunt himself, to persuade Faulconbridge to withdraw again to Blackheath. Faunt's counsel succeeded, too well for his own safety. Edward's army, now victorious, marched on

Sandwich and seized thirteen ships of the Bastard's fleet, while he himself was caught, in flight, at Southampton, and in spite of a charter of pardon, beheaded. To prevent further trouble, Edward then travelled through Kent, the prime offender in the tumult, and punished the rebels severely. Faunt was sentenced to the awful death of a traitor, and suffered in his own city. There the Yorkists were now triumphant, and three leading citizens, Fremyngnam, Hamo Bele, and Thomas atte Wood, rode off to London to carry congratulations to the King. But not all forgot to be generous. When Faunt was captured and searched after Blackheath, in his purse was found a schedule of the "honest" men, the loyal Lancastrians of Canterbury. This compromising evidence came into the hands of George Browne, the Squire of Tonford, now a Knight and Justice of the Peace. Remembering old friendships, he suppressed the paper, and sent it to Canterbury by his servant, where no doubt the Cofferer, who entered in his accounts a reward of ten shillings to the bearer, made all haste to destroy it. Demonstrative loyalty was now the plain duty of a Canterbury citizen; the Corporation gave the lead and purchased from John Whitlock four yards of "White Caresey," at 9d. a yard, "ad faciendum inde Rosas." The roses cost fourpence apiece to make up, and were no doubt worn with a comfortable conscience on aldermanic breasts.

A great brass gun, captured at Blackheath, was given to the city, or possibly only restored after having been lent to Faulconbridge. But some form of punishment for much vacillation and more proven treachery was inevitable. After the sitting of a Royal Commission of inquiry, the King resumed the Charter, which had then to be ransomed at great expense.

The report of the inquisition is still extant, and shows that some citizens had assisted Queen Margaret at Tewkesbury, one of whom, John Uttmey, of the Monastery of St. Augustine's, "Phisicion," had no doubt tended the wounded; while in addition to those who actually

followed Faunt and Hopton, many of the wealthiest and most respected citizens, including John Fremyngham and William Sellow, had been threatened into giving assistance with their goods, on pain of forfeiting their lives to the insurgents. During the suspension of the Charter, for about a year, Sir John Brumston was Keeper of the City, and the citizens had to pay his salary, and in addition softened his asperities with red wine and capons, and feasts, at Will Sellow's house, and at the Chekers—the pilgrims' inn.



THE BUTTERMARKET AND CHRISTCHURCH GATE, 1815

CHAPTER VII

WORK AND PLAY UNDER THE TUDORS

FROM Saxon times Canterbury has been a market-town, where the countryside brought in for sale their beasts, dairy produce, fruit, and the harvest of the sea. While the city remained the King's estate, all tolls belonged to him; the charter of Edward IV. first allowed them to be appropriated by the citizens for the more punctual payment of the fee-farm rent. In very early days there was a special market for each of the chief commodities; a market for live beasts called Rethercheap occupied the Market Field, near the site of St. Sepulchre's Nunnery; the Cloth Market was held outside the gate of the White Friars; le Mercerie in Mercery Lane; le Poultrie by the Bull-Stake (now known as the Butter Market); the Salt Market at Salt-hill (now Oaten Hill); the Wine Market in Wincheap, as the modern name implies. The Breadmarket was in the High Street, hence the church adjoining had the name of St. Mary Breadman's; the Rush Market was in the present Orange Street, close to the old Red Well, whence water could be obtained to sprinkle and keep the "trashes" green. By the Tudor period the number of markets had much increased owing to the greater complexity and luxury of town-life. As befitted a city so near the sea-board and a centre of conventual houses, the Fishmarkets held an important place. For centuries the common "Fish Shambles" belonging to the city was kept on open stalls in Burgate Street, where St. Mary Magdalen's is named, in a rental of 1180, the "Fismanne Cherche." This market played a part in one of the most extended of the quarrels between the authorities and the Priory of Christchurch, a dispute, involving some thirty years' litigation, over the ownership of the Rosier, or Rose-gardens, near Holy Cross Church by the

Westgate. In July, 1500, the Mayor led out a band of citizens, "arrayed in manner of war," to a meadow forming part of this property, where they aggressively cut down willows and stopped up the dyke which drained it in flood time. Dom Thomas Itcham, an invalid monk taking his recreation, was assaulted, as well as an Almonry Priest, who passed by with a spar-hawk on his wrist. Next day the Mayor removed the Fishmarket from Burgate, conveniently near the Priory-gate, to the more distant High Street, by St. Andrew's Church. When the convent-manciple, with many a grumble, went thither for his fish, the citizens robbed him of the halibut he had bought and disappointed the monks of their dinner. The Prior promptly took his grievances to the Star Chamber. A voluntary subscription was set on foot to provide funds for the defence; it amounted to £23 7s. 6½d., but the city was involved in far greater cost. The Mayor spent much time in London superintending the proceedings, and had to be supplied with money and material for "making friends," such as capons and trout from the Stour; he had also to be kept in touch with his base; and the conveyance of his frequent messengers and their "malys" over various stages of the road; the suppers and wines and horse-hire and barge-hire, at Gravesend and Lambeth; the feeing of the King's Commissioner, Master Poynings, who came to take evidence on the spot; even an expedition of the Aldermen, who joined the Mayor in a round of jollity at various London taverns; all these went on merrily for a year or two at public expense, without much progress made in the suit. The banquet given to Master Poynings in Canterbury, which required for cooking it a sack of coal at 3½d. and sixpen'orth of wood, included as special delicacies, "Three pieces of congyr, halfe an ounce of saffron, roasted ealys, meat oil, with roose water, dates, prunys and almonds bought of the potycary at the Bull-stake."

Another Fishmarket, paved with Folkestone stone, was opened in 1480 in Pikenot Alley close to St. Mar-

garet's Church, to give better facilities to the Whitstable fish-traders. Unluckily it met with the disapproval of the Fish-wives, and the toll-collector had to receive ten shillings compensation for loss of business, "for the space of one month, and until their anger abates and they do sell their fish in the new market."

The principal Flesh-markets were held in Burgate Street and outside St. Andrew's Church, but there was another at the Bullstake, where it was customary to bait and chase the bulls before they were killed, with the idea of making their flesh more palatable. After 1573 they might be killed without baiting if license were obtained. The ancient tolls included the following:

For every horse-load of apples, pears and cherries	3
A goose, ready dressed	1
Live geese and turkeys	$\frac{1}{2}$
A cart load of roots (turnips, cabbages, artichokes, cucumbers)	3
A horse-load of oysters	1
Edge-tools	1
Every huckster sitting daily in the market	1

In the reign of Edward III. the population of Canterbury was 4,000; in Tudor times it was still a small place; a return made in 1522 to discover the number of weapons available and of persons able to use the bow and serve the King in his wars showed 761 resident householders; only one person possessed goods worth as much as £300. Not apparently until Henry VII. were steps taken to establish trade-fraternities, avowedly on the model of the Gilds of London, but called in Canterbury crafts, mysteries or fellowships. At first very few trades were incorporated and difficulties were experienced owing to the small number of traders and artisans engaged in any one occupation; the continuance of the Corpus Christi Play, maintained and performed by the Mysteries, was endangered because those who practised minor industries would not trouble themselves

to form a society. They were therefore ordered by the Burghmote to take the necessary steps, on pain of punishment of their bodies if they neglected this "lawful friendly request." To solve the problem, the practice of grouping trades often only remotely connected was more and more resorted to: artisans and retail-traders usually remained in separate groups. For example, the Carpenters, Joiners, Bowyers, Fletchers, Cappers, Glaziers, Pewterers, Plumbers, Pavyers, Painters, Bricklayers and Tilers were formed into a mystery in 1544; the Blacksmiths, Lockers, White-smiths, Farriers, Trooggers, Turners and Cutlers in 1601, when the association numbered fifteen Smiths, four Cutlers, one Turner, and one Troogger (maker of wooden baskets, a skilled industry). The Mysteries were much under the thumb of the Corporation, which drew up their ordinances by virtue of Letters Patent, and upon any breach received half the fines for the City Chest, the other half going to the funds of the brethren. The fines were collected jointly by the Town Sergeant, an Officer of the Corporation, and a Beadle appointed by the Mystery; some bodies, in addition to two Wardens, elected a Master who could either be one of their number or a member of the Burghmote. Membership was confined to Freemen residing in the city or suburbs, and the right to set up shop, and every fine levied, cost an alien twice as much as an Englishman, for the system was strictly protectionist. Apprenticeship, seven years long, followed the ordinary lines, but there is no record of any freedom obtained by service till 1509, when Jeremiah Oxenbregge, who had served with William Rotlonde, a leading citizen and apothecary, was admitted to the liberties.

The ordinances of the crafts throw many interesting side-lights on the merchant-life of the city. The earlier have a well-defined religious character, which dwindles after the Dissolution to the obligation of hearing a Sermon on some day appointed and attending funerals. In 1498 Master Stephen Taye, Doctor of Physic, and Master Pasca, a Physician, approached the Mayor,

Harry Goseborne, on behalf of the Physicians, Surgeons and Barbers of the city for leave to incorporate. Wardens were chosen and mass celebrated for the fraternity annually on the feast of "Cosmy and Damyanny," SS. Cosmas and Damian, to whom Blean Church close to Canterbury is dedicated. The ordinances laid down that no barber in the town might shave a customer on Sunday, though a later and less stringent bye-law made exception in favour of four Sundays in the year, at harvest time, and also permitted "sume grete man, or Master Maire or any of his brether" to have their beards trimmed at times of necessity. A "temporal" man paid 6d. per quarter, no less, for being shaved; a "spiritual" man, who presumably had a tonsure as well as a beard, 8d. A citizen wishing to change his doctor found himself in an awkward position, for it was enacted that "ne physicyan ne cirurgian shall not desyre no pacients from other upon the payn of losyng of xxs."

The Smiths and Armorers kept their feast on "St. Loys" day. The smiths were enjoined to charge the sum of 12d., whether they shod a courser or a beer-cart horse, and to have a distinctive mark on their horse-shoes. Their business was to shoe wheels, and to make bars under the brewers' leads, spring-locks, "cachis, lachis, porters and heygodays," and iron bars for fire-dogs, and windows; they might work no French iron, except for bars to be set in timber, nor stock-locks, except for "clong wode," *i.e.*, seasoned wood, twelve months old. Their charge for a stock-lock key was 2d., and for a hollow door-key, 3d. They "squared" spindles for water-mills and horse-mills, and sold a thousand twopenny nails for 18d.

The Craft of Shoemakers, Coriours (Curriers), and Cobblers had not only two allotted feast-days, the Assumption and the feast of St. Crispin and St. Crispian, but members attended a special church, the Austin Friars', both for mass and at evensong on the vigils of their saints, while a requiem for the brothers and sisters

and all Christian souls was sung on SS. Simon and Jude's day. They were called to weddings of the fraternity as well as to funerals, when four torches brought the dead brother to his grave and four more were lit about his hearse during the chanting of the dirge. If there chanced to be two funerals on one day the lights were shared between them. The brothers were bidden to address the Wardens respectfully, without "fasying or brasying," and to avoid slandering one another.

Another craft of special interest is the Mystery of the Waits and Minstrels. In a city like Canterbury, addicted to innumerable feasts, the music-makers occupied an important place. The Corporation employed its own waits at a salary of £1 a year, with a gown apiece and a silver "scutcheon" or badge, bearing the City Arms. Under the Commonwealth when merriment was out of season, the ancient scutcheons of the Waits were sold for £3. The musicians were incorporated in 1526 and thenceforth no Freeman was expected to enter a band of "foreign" minstrels, unless as an apprentice, or to join his instrument with theirs. A minstrel had to be careful not to take an engagement to play at any may-game, garland, child-ale (christening) or wedding unless satisfied that no one else had a prior claim. He was forbidden to play on Sunday, unless it were at a wedding, or by order of "Master Maire" or any other worshipful man; but he might sit in his own house or if a foreign minstrel in his host's house, and tune his instrument without offence. Members of the craft neither in sport nor malice might call each other knave or other vile name. The City Waits had special privileges. No minstrel on a "dedication" (saint's day) might "prevent" (come before) them into any alderman or councillor's house, or in a nobleman's presence exercise any melody till the waits had had their turn; their services could be hired for wedding or may-day festivities, for two or three days at a time, at 7d. a head per day. It is characteristic of the politic,

not to say cringing attitude toward great people to be traced in many of these ordinances that a proviso is inserted to nullify any clause found inconvenient by the King's, Queen's or Lord Prince's minstrels, or by the servants of any honourable or worshipful man.

The citizens were not entirely dependent for their recreation upon the minstrel's art; drama was also represented. Reference has already been made to the "Corpus Christi" play; the Church of St. Dunstan (c. 1500) possessed, in its library of some fifty books, about a dozen religious plays, including "St. Anne," which belonged to the Corpus Christi cycle. The King's Players and his juggler sometimes visited the city. The play of the "Three Kings of Cologne" was given in the Guildhall on Twelfth Day. The properties were constructed locally. Richard Inner made three beasts (whether they represented the cattle at the Holy Manger or horses for the Magi does not appear) out of twelve ells of canvas, stiffened with hoops and laths and painted after nature. He did not charge exorbitantly; the work occupied him and his assistant six days and nights, and his wages to cover fire, food, and candle, were but three shillings. The scenery consisted of a castle made of painted canvas, and the Kings were attended by their henchmen, wearing monks' frocks, with decorative strips of gold and silver paper. The henchmen's heads and the gilding of the Bethlehem Star cost together 5s. The servants from the great monastic houses were in the audience, but they did not partake of the banquet which followed. Feasting was indeed pre-eminently the delight of Canterbury folk; the habit of junketing with king and prelate, nobles and their train, had grown upon them in the course of centuries. Between 1512 and 1521 alone they entertained Henry VIII., coming and going on several journeys to France; the Lady Katherine of Aragon on a first visit to the city; Mary Tudor going to her marriage and again, as Queen of France, visiting her brother at the Tent in the Blean; an embassy from Rome,

bringing a Cardinal's hat for Wolsey and later the new Legate himself, courted with a present of capons, pears, walnuts, and marchpane; the Emperor Charles V., preceded by his Ambassadors, rode on May 26, 1520, the last year of Jubilee, with his royal host through the streets (which were strewn with sand for the occasion), and was greeted by the Corporation in new livery gowns of tawny cloth. One annual ceremony which had given much boisterous amusement at least to the participants, the boys of the City School, and apparently also to the monks of Christchurch, had been discontinued many years before this. The monkish chronicler, John Stone, notes that in 1464, by the "defection" of two of the masters, John Gedney and Thomas Hikson, no election of a Boy-Bishop on St. Nicholas Day had taken place. "Nicholas and his clerks" were dressed up like the clergy whose duties they were allowed to parody. The school-house was at this time situated in the parish of St. Alphege.

Finally, an event half serious, half playful, was St. Thomas's Marching Watch. An annual spring-cleaning of warlike equipment in the city had been secured by the institution of a special watch when weapons had to be produced in good order. Of late years some Mayors had carried out this obligation, others had neglected it; consequently the city's "harnes" had become "decreased and rustid."

The Burghmote therefore enacted about 1490 that henceforth every year the Watch should be kept on the eve of the Translation of St. Thomas (July 6). The Sheriff rode out, followed by a henchman "onestly emparelled"; after him the Mayor, wearing his scarlet robe of office, and the Aldermen in crimson and scarlet gowns. As the company passed through the narrow streets, in the twilight of a summer's night, they carried burning cressets and torches; a trumpeter went before the horsemen and a drum beat accompaniment; waits and trumpeters sometimes came from London or from Dover Castle to take part. From time to time the

gunners and caliver-men exploded ten to twenty pounds of gunpowder; on one occasion two Flemings, "hurte with gunpowder in the watche," received 12d. compensation. The citizens ran beside the procession, the best appointed arrayed in the "almayn rivetts" and breast-plates kept in the Guildhall in case of emergency, and everyone carrying some weapon, new or old, furbished up for the occasion. Those who saw a company of Boy Scouts marching through the Westgate on Peace Night, 1920, with music and the flare of torch and cresset, may have some idea of the picturesque effect of the Marching Watch.

In 1503 the Watch was given a more festive character by the introduction of the Pageant of St. Thomas, a strange perversion of history. A wheeled car, drawn by horses, carried an altar, before which the Holy Blissful Martyr himself, represented by a boy, with alb and mitre and linen robe, suffered the blows of four other boys dressed in knights' armour. Their outfit was made of tinfoil by Thomas Fleccher at a cost of 6d., and John a-Tent hired out swords for 2d. each. From time to time the knights flourished their weapons, the Archbishop fell prostrate and some blood was spirted on his forehead from two leather bags full of liquid provided for the purpose. Above the altar a "vyce" or device representing an angel was arranged, to flap its wings and spin round and round; the "turnour of the vyce" was hidden under the altar in a dark cavity with a candle to enable him to do his part. The pageant was no doubt roughly handled and tried by its passage over the jolting streets, for every year it seems to have needed much repair. More than once St. Thomas's head was new painted, and he had a new pair of gloves and a buckram tippet; the "harnes" was mended with calves' skin and brownpaper, the tin- and gold-foil renewed; even the leather bags burst and had to be replaced. The children who played the knights received a quarter of lamb, bread and drink to sustain them.

When out of use the pageant stood in the barn at St. Sepulchre's Nunnery; in 1529 it was transferred to the Archbishop's Palace, and the gatekeeper was paid by a new pair of shoes (or 9d. ready money if he preferred it) for his pains. Ten years later, at the Dissolution, the city's old plaything had hurriedly to be put away, with all other memories of St. Thomas, and "Byssshop Bekket's cart" was sold for the trifling sum of 3s. 4d.

Some giants were now provided to amuse the citizens, perhaps copied from the well-loved Gog and Magog of London City, and they accompanied the Marching Watch till the second year of Mary's reign. Then the Martyr reappeared on a new cart, and a new mould was made for the knights' helmets. But times changed again; Queen Elizabeth had no use for such relics of Popery. On her accession the show vanished for ever; and in the Cofferer's book its last epitaph is written: "Received of Mr. Arden for a payer of wheles and the bedd of an old pageant IJs VIIJd." The Marching Watch now held on Ascension Eve lingered on into the reign of James I., gradually degenerating into a supper party of the Watchmen at some tavern, over which the Mayor presided. Long before this its activities had been supplemented by a more serviceable militia, and the young men assembled three or four times a year to drill and shoot at the targets set up on Bab's Hill, or in the Town Ditch between Burgate and the Queningate Postern.



THE FIRST ENGLISH FRANCISCAN HOUSE, 1267

CHAPTER VIII

THE DISSOLUTION: BEFORE AND AFTER

COULD the magician's wand transport a student at will into any one period of Canterbury history, to hear the citizens discuss in the street or at the fireside the events of their day, many a one would choose without hesitation the period just before and after the Dissolution of the Religious Houses. There can be no doubt that, generally speaking, the monastic system in England had been for some time slowly dying a natural death, fading out before the inrush of new ideas, new conceptions of mental and spiritual liberty. But the Canterbury citizen, although a child of his age, was not profoundly concerned with generalities; what he could and did see, near at hand, was the perpetration of a gross injustice upon neighbours and benefactors of himself and his forbears for generations, men and women vowed to religion who were living for the most part blameless, unselfish lives. How did he meet the situation? The civic records are scanty, but they unfortunately leave no doubt of the answer. He met it without compassion or regret; he showed no trace of noble feeling; he not merely watched without protest wholesale robbery of his neighbours' goods, because the robber happened to be a King, but did not scruple to snatch what he could out of the spoils.

Consider the number of religious houses in the city which first of all in Southern England sheltered votaries of the monastic life in return for the Gospel message.

An outlook over Canterbury to-day, from St Martin's Hill or Westgate towers, is full of charm and interest, especially when the white fruit blossoms of innumerable gardens are seen between the ancient gables. But four hundred years ago the panorama was incomparably more interesting. The Cathedral spires rose up from a

group of splendid buildings—halls, chapels, dormitories, refectories—of which the proportions can be adjudged to-day from their ruinous fragments. A few hundred yards away, across the city-wall and ditch, was another magnificent Church, the Abbey of St. Augustine, but thirty feet shorter than Christchurch itself, stern and imposing, with great towers set four-square which time and the stress of storm would have left unimpaired for many and many a generation to come. To-day the Cathedral still dominates the city, the glory of the English Communion, one of the glories indeed of Christendom; but within doors, could its old-time treasure—craftsman's work in gold and gems, jewelled windows, the fret of wood like fine lace, paintings, and broderies from the cloister—could all these be snatched from thievish fingers and set, for a flash of time, back where devotion placed them at first, the present-day spacious emptiness must appear barnlike by comparison.

And the doom of St. Augustine's to piecemeal destruction has left a huge area where the excavator searches and speculates and patiently brings to light no more than a ground plan of all that has perished.

These are the giants. Back now into the centuries and trace out, from hill-top or tower, between the red roofs, the many lesser buildings which add to the dignity of the picture. Just outside the Northgate can be seen Lanfranc's "fair and large house of stone," built for a Priory of Black Canons of the Augustinian Order. Many citizens of the quarter lie in the Canons' graveyard, by the old monastic church of St. Gregory; the chapel of the Brotherhood of St. Thomas stands among the trees of their famous orchard, which year by year supplies a basket of apples for the monks' refectory at Christchurch. Southward, built on the hill-side near the beast-market called Rethercheap, outside the Ridington, is Anselm's Nunnery of St. Sepulchre, occupying a part of his manor. The nuns have been but scantily endowed from citizens' hoards, and the Prior of Christchurch allows the Prioress so much wood in Blean Forest

as one horse going thither twice a day can bring away. Now look, one by one, at the many hospitals, made by pious men for the comfort of their own souls and the poor of this holy city. St. John's Hospital, with dwellings for brothers and sisters built round a spacious courtyard, is under the care of the Canons of St. Gregory and also of Lanfranc's Foundation. Thomas Becket himself made Eastbridge Hospital, for wayfarers and injured folk who were to be tended till able to depart. Its stone-vaulted undercroft is still entered from the High Street, and beneath the quaint rose-red buildings, which shelter old almsmen and women, the river Stour flows hastening across the city. Next the leper-hospitals, placed for safety without the walls; St. Nicholas', a mile off at Harbledown, distinguished by the gaunt old church overlooking the valley of hop-gardens and cherry orchards; St. Jacob's Hospital for twenty-five leprous women, on the eastern boundary, presently to be remembered only by its name bestowed on a row of modern cottages; St. Lawrence's, with a worn carving of the patron-saint on his gridiron in a pier of the flint gateway. The founder, Hugh II., Abbot of St. Augustine's, in 1137 provided this refuge for leprous monks of his abbey and for the "out-relief" of the monks' kindred who should ask alms at the Abbey-gate.

Next, there are the Friars' houses, to be found towards the centre of the city. John Digge, a worthy alderman, in 1267 gave the Grey Friars, Franciscans, that island-site on Binnewith, surrounded by the branching Stour, where they erected their fine church and a dwelling house threaded under, like Eastbridge, by an arm of the river. In the northern part of Binnewith Henry III. built for the Black Preaching Friars, Dominicans, their Dormitory with a great pillared Refectory, across the footbridge, and their gate of black flints, one of the sights of the city to the end of the eighteenth century.

The tall gateway in the eastern part of the High Street, opposite St. George's Church, belongs to the Austin or White Friars, who settled here in 1324.

Another riverside house is the Hospital of Poor Priests, founded by Archdeacon Simon, brother of the great Archbishop Stephen Langton.

To measure what once was is to measure the material destruction which, if not completed, was but too well begun in the fatal years 1536-40. . . .

Some hint of the social relations obtaining between monk and layman has been given from time to time in these pages. There was no doubt cause for mutual irritation in the clumsy overlapping of right and privilege which survived from feudal times. But petty jealousies were by no means the beginning and the end. All the communities, the Friars not excepted, were property-holders and landlords. They were also, in the aggregate, large employers of labour and not inconsiderable consumers; much occupation in connection with their establishments must have been, in one way or another, open to lay persons. They ministered to spiritual needs—we have seen the Austin Friars chaplains to the Fellowship of Shoemakers—they took on themselves the care of the poor and infirm and in some cases educated the youth. Chiefly they were material benefactors to the city (and this by no means applies only to the greatest shrine of all) because, during a period of some five or six hundreds years, their organization drew in a vast number of pilgrims, bringing a variety of custom, spending their money in local markets, buying mementos as the tourist does to-day. The monks, it is true, had their guest-houses and their own inn, but the overflow was enormous and spelt prosperity to the city trader.

At the moment of the Plunder no burning questions were at issue between the rival interests; squabbles over markets and rights of way, over the Rose-garden and the Convent-boundary, all these were at rest, and Prior and Abbot feasted with the Mayor in neighbourly goodwill. Yet the strands so long interlaced were torn apart, as in a moment, without even an angry protest, as happened elsewhere, on the part of the citizens. Can any explanation or excuse be offered? The situation is

tragic, not simply on account of the material waste, but far more as a revelation of spiritual failure; the masters had failed to teach, the scholars to learn elementary honesty, Christian principle. It would seem, too, that the age-long use of any city as an inn or highway through which great personages, preoccupied with great movements, pass and repass, and in which they make demands on hospitality without being required to concern themselves with local affairs, tends to foster a spirit of time-serving, an obsession with the main chance.

Canterbury had always been at heart the King's City; as between Crown and Church the choice when it came was indisputable. For a century past the communities had been losing their former affluence; in some cases they were indeed heavily in debt, probably to traders in the place. The Bishop of Dover in 1538 wrote of three houses and especially of the Austin Friars that they were "more in dett than all that they have ys abull to pay."

About 1512, bringing letters of commendation from Warham, the great scholar Erasmus came with his friend Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, to visit the Shrine. Erasmus has described the occasion in an amusing and ironical dialogue between two friends, Menedemus the enquirer, and Ogygius the author himself. Every door was unlocked for the distinguished guests. In the Martyrdom they saw the altar of the Sword's point; in the Crypt the saint's garments of haircloth hanging in the gloom. The vast collection of human bones, "skulls, jaws, teeth, hands, fingers, whole arms," produced from lockers in the north aisle astounded them, and yet more the flashing jewels on the Shrine; these the Prior touched one by one with a white wand, giving the French name, and the value, and the donor's name; for nearly all were presents from crowned heads.

Throughout the tour Erasmus suggests the conflict in his own mind between romantic tradition and the dictates of common sense, between contempt and a kindly unwillingness to give pain to his guides. But his com-

panion approached shrine and reliquary, fustian ceremonial and overloaded display, in a mood of uncompromising honesty. When at last some rags of Becket's linen were produced and one was offered him as an acceptable gift, he "fingered it with signs of repulsion, and laid it contemptuously down, putting out his lips as if pretending to give it a smacking kiss." The Prior feigned to notice nothing and, courteous to the last, sent the critics away with a cup of wine, asking himself what such doings portended.

There is reason to think that the Jubilee of 1520, when a lucrative influx of pilgrims might have been looked for, was not celebrated with its wonted splendour. The Corporation indeed paid "For setting up of a post in the King's street before the Court Hall to hang on the letters expressing the orderung of vitell and lodgyng for pylgrymes in this yer of grace." But this was merely the accepted routine. The King passed through the city, and on July 7 offered 6s. 8d. at the Shrine, but he was in Calais the following day, on his way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Part of the profits of the Jubilee had always arisen from the sale to pilgrims of indulgences granted by successive Popes. In the spring of 1519 Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio solicited Pope Leo X. for a renewal of the privilege. Early in the summer of 1520 Archbishop Warham was still pressing for the same concession. But the building of St. Peter's at Rome had emptied the Papal coffers; the request was regarded as an opportunity for extortion, and the Pope replied that concessions could only be made at the staggering price of half the offerings at the Shrine. Warham suggested as a compromise that if the moiety went on this occasion to Rome, the indulgences should, on the other hand, be granted in perpetuity. The delays and uncertainties reduced to a minimum the possibility of preparing for the anniversary. It is clear that Warham was anxious about the whole condition of affairs; nor could Canterbury, from its position and associations, have been unaware, any more than the

Monastic Houses of the intellectual and religious upheaval which threatened. The tone of the pilgrimages had completely changed and for this both monk and citizen must share the blame; they had become commercialized and lost all spiritual significance.

The melancholy episode of the Holy Maid of Kent in 1533 derives its importance from the light it throws on the puzzled resentful attitude of monks and nuns; it was a vain attempt to stem the rising tide. Elizabeth Barton was a poor servant maid in the family of Thomas Cobb, steward of the archiepiscopal estates at Court-at-Street on the border of Romney Marsh. She was subject to some kind of seizure, and in obedience to a vision sought the Shrine of Our Lady in the little neighbouring Chapel, where before a great throng of spectators she was pronounced to be healed. She herself would seem to have been perfectly sincere, the tool of others less simple-minded; it is otherwise unaccountable that she could have deceived such men as Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and Archbishop Warham, who placed her as a professed nun in the Priory of St. Sepulchre's at Canterbury. The Priory of Christchurch was involved by the appointment as her spiritual adviser of the Cellarer, Dr. Edward Bocking, who undoubtedly made use of her to oppose threatened religious innovations. One of the monks, John Dering, made her visions into a book; they were mainly concerned with the King's divorce and re-marriage, but dealt also with wider discontents; one of them warned Henry VIII. to take none of the Pope's rights from him, and to destroy "all these new folks of opinion and the works of their new learning"; in another a monk was bidden to burn his copy of the New Testament in English. Plotting was suffered to continue for a long time, and the Fathers and Nuns of many houses outside Canterbury, especially Syon and the Charter-house, as well as the local Friaries, were deeply involved. At last the King was attacked in such terms that vengeance fell; Elizabeth Barton was seized, and on a high scaffold at St. Paul's

confessed her guilt, taking all blame upon herself. The King could get no judges to condemn her, but Parliament was more amenable to royal pressure; a bill of attainder was passed, and the Nun and five confederates suffered at Tyburn on April 20, 1534. Her poor effects were taken from the Nunnery and handed over to John Antony of Canterbury—old bed-gear, old cushions, a little crockery, a torn carpet; some few were left with the Nuns, who had been all agog over their sister's trances; an old mantle and kirtle went to the youngest nun; a cloak of Irish frieze to the Lady Prioress.

Cromwell wrote an indignant letter to Bishop Fisher for having made no attempt to arrive at the truth about the Maid. Fisher and Sir Thomas More were both committed to the Tower about the time of her execution, one of the charges against them being complicity with her; both were beheaded in the summer of 1535. Margaret Roper, More's daughter, is believed to have taken his head from exposure on London Bridge, and she buried it in the crypt of St. Dunstan's Church at Canterbury, near her husband's home.

On August 30, 1538, the last of all the Pilgrims visited the Shrine; Madame de Montreuil arrived in state, with her gentlewomen and the Ambassador of France in attendance. The Mayor and Corporation welcomed her "in their best wise," and presented her, in time-honoured fashion, with hippocras and other wines and sundry kinds of fish. In order to pass the time till the King's arrival, and duly fortified with a plenteous breakfast of fresh sturgeon, she went to the Cathedral. The story can best be read in the inimitable language of Sir William Penison who wrote a descriptive letter to Cromwell:

" . . . I showed her Sainte Thomas shryne and all such other thinges worthy of sight; at the which she was not little marveilled of the greate riches therof; saing to be innumerable, and that if she had not seen it, all the men in the wourlde could never a made her to belyve it. Thus overlooking and vewing more than an owre

as well the shryne as Saint Thomas hed, being at both cousshins to knyle, and the Pryour openyng Sainct Thomas hed saing to her 3 tymes, 'This is Saint Thomas Hed' and offered her to kysse it; but she nother knyled nor would kysse it, but still vewing the riches thereof. So she departed and whent to her lodging to dynner and after the same to interteyne her with honest passetymes."

A week later the Shrine was destroyed, and twenty waggons of gold and silver rolled away to the King's Treasury. The lesser houses had already been dissolved between 1534 and 1536; the Abbey of St. Augustine's was surrendered by the brethren in 1539; the Priory of Christchurch, to close the melancholy record, in 1540. The monks were treated not illiberally; most were pensioned, a poor compensation for the loss of their sanctuary; at Christchurch, twenty-eight out of fifty-three became members of the new collegiate foundation.

The citizens lost no time in signifying their loyalty to the fresh régime. As a preliminary measure, Will. Oldfield, the Bell-founder, was paid 2s. 8d. for "putting Thomas Becket out of the Common Seal." From time immemorial the seal had borne on the reverse a representation, deeply cut, of the Martyrdom of St. Thomas, with a doggrel Latin inscription addressed to the city's tutelary saint:

"Ictibus immensis, Thomas qui corrui ensis
Tutor ab offensis urbis sit Canturiensis."

This was now planed off, and the City Arms were substituted, apparently in ignorance of the fact that the three Cornish Choughs were part of Becket's Coat of Arms, and banished under one guise he returned in another.

Oldfield was also employed to engrave leaden scutcheons for the beggars who now infested the city, so that its own particular mendicants might be recognized; those who had hitherto found entertainment at the Convent Gate were now liable to be led about the

town and whipped, or branded with special irons as vagabond.

There was eager competition for lands and tenements which had belonged to the dispossessed: leases and title-deeds were not too closely scrutinized; the conventual halls were in request for commercial enterprises, such as cloth-making; the Corporation purchased many a Naboth's Vineyard at favourable bargains, almost at a gift from the King. Plenty of good worked stone was to be had for the mere cost of removal; from St. Augustine's to repair unconsecrated walls, from Christchurch to mend the roadways. In 1539 the parson of St. Peter's Church, one William Sandford, was presented by the Grand Jury for "maliciously tolling the avie bell in the said church, after the evening-song done; with a view to set up again the Bishop of Rome."

But the seeds of old habit are hard to eradicate. The City Fair was still held in the Precincts on July 7, once the Feast of Becket's Translation, and in 1615 it became necessary to forbid any to come on pilgrimage to the city "in somertime" to be cured of the King's Evil.



CANTERBURY CASTLE SHEWING WORTH GATE

CHAPTER IX

QUEEN MARY AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

A.—THE MARIAN PERSECUTIONS

THE five years of Mary's rule were sinister pages in the history of Canterbury. Early in the reign rumours of Wyatt's rebellion came in from Maidstone and caused some alarm. The walls were hurriedly repaired, with stone brought from the ruined abbey of St. Augustine, and Ridington was "rampyred" with timber baulks. The guns were inspected, new-scoured with lamb-skins and the wheels soaped, and a soldier or two in yellow coats, the civic uniform, went out to join the royal forces. But the danger passed without actual disturbance, and pursuivants brought the news of Wyatt's apprehension and letters from Queen Mary thanking Mr. Mayor and the City for their fidelity in her support.

This commendation no doubt put them on their mettle. About Whitsuntide, 1557, the records describe the performance of a seditious play in Canterbury and neighbouring places, to which the attention of the Ministers is called. They reply, ordering an immediate enquiry into the authorship of the play, for the book of words which is "returned herewith" seems to them "very seditious," and the performers deserving of heavy punishment. Unluckily the enclosure has disappeared, and the narrative is incomplete; but the execution of Robert Cockerell early in 1558, "for spekyng of traitorous words," and the punishment of Francis Borton, who, with an actor's instinct, addressed the people from the pillory and warned them against speaking evil of the King and Queen, is probably to be taken as the concluding chapter; our desire to know more of this playwright, fore-

runner of Marlowe in his own city, must remain unfulfilled.

The Cathedral archives supply many hints of the religious reaction which followed on the plunder of the two preceding reigns. The old forms of worship were now revived; Service-books, torn and defaced, had to be replaced, the Legends, the Anthem of Our Lady, above all, the Story of St. Thomas, "with music newly prycked." Even the vestments had been ransacked for their gold and jewels and new ones must be provided for use. Thus far recent events were readily slurred over. But the minds of men had been too deeply stirred for all to find it easy or acceptable to take a backward step, and year by year the jarring note of intolerance is heard with ever more painful intensity. Some of the civic regulations have about them a ring of Puritan days. Sabbath-breaking was made a penal offence, and in 1554 Richardson, a Shoemaker, was fined for opening his shop-windows on a Sunday in service-time, but forgiven the penalty because he was very poor. Others as poor were rendered homeless; on suspicion of their Protestant opinions, ten old almsmen and three almswomen were expelled from St. Nicholas, Harbledown, and ten women from St. John's Hospital. For yet others there was no forgiveness even to the extreme bitterness of death. The Cathedral accounts contain dark references to sums of money paid for conveying hither and thither "convicti," condemned heretics; at this time the city seems to have played only the spectator's part.

To the south of Canterbury East Station, where the ground falls away into a hollow, there stands to-day a stone obelisk, inscribed with the words "Lest we forget"; not indeed our religious differences, but the fact that religious convictions were once counted of more worth than life itself. The place bears the name of the Martyrs' Field and the remembrance of what eyes have seen there haunts it still, although the approach is through cherry-orchards white in springtime with lovely

pendulous clusters, and children play about it all day long.

Toward the close of Mary's reign the Archbishop, Cardinal Pole, set forth certain articles of enquiry to be made both of the clergy and lay-people, at a visitation throughout the diocese of Canterbury. Priest, schoolmaster, and tavern-keeper, the sick, the poor, unlearned women and children, even minstrels, or any other with a careless song on his lips fell under that fearful scrutiny. As a result, six men and women, most of them peasants from the countryside, were burned for heresy in the Martyrs' Hollow about January 15, 1557, seven more in June, 1558; in all some forty-one suffered before the end came. All did not survive to reach the stake; many died of hunger in Canterbury Castle. "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" preserves a letter thrown out by the prisoners there to catch the eye of some passer-by. It runs: "Be it known to all men that shall read or hear these our letters, that we the poor prisoners of the castle of Canterbury for God's truth are kept and lie in cold irons, and our keeper will not suffer any meat to be brought to us to comfort us. And if any man do bring us anything as bread, butter, cheese, the said keeper will charge them that so bring us anything (except money or raiment) to carry it with them again. . . . Notwithstanding we write not these our letters to that intent we mought not afford to be famished for the Lord Jesus' sake."

One heroine, Alice Benden, with a fellow-prisoner, who came as she did from Staplehurst, practised living on 2½d. a day, "to try thereby how well they could sustain hunger before they were put to it"; she knew that when she was removed to the Archbishop's prison her allowance would be but a half-pen'orth of bread and a farthing drink, and her lodging "a little short straw between a pair of stocks and a stone wall."

Meanwhile the Corporation were much occupied with questions of attire. Every alderman was required within three months of taking office to provide himself with one gown of scarlet colour to be furred with black boge only;

not until he became Mayor was he at liberty to wear any fur he chose. The Mayor, also, yearly before Christmas, was to furnish for his wife, the Mayoress, one scarlet gown with a bonnet of velvet specially made for her, on penalty of £10, to be paid not to the disappointed spouse but to the city chest. At the height of the persecutions, in July, 1558, Queen Mary visited the city and a comedy of civic manners was enacted; the Mayor escorting her on her way refuses to lay down his mace in deference to the Sheriff of Kent (who bears a rod of office), till the very last stone in the wall of St. Jacob's Hospital, which marks the city boundary, is reached. There he takes leave of the Queen's Majesty, and she departs, the richer by a purse of twenty golden angels, riding unregretted out of the city's story.

B.—ELIZABETH KEEPS HER BIRTHDAY

Our knowledge of royal visits to Canterbury is usually gathered piecemeal from Cofferer's books and Burghmote records, but in the case of Queen Elizabeth a very interesting account remains, written by no less a person than her host, Archbishop Parker. The Archbishop was anxious the Queen should not only enjoy but profit by her visit, for he sent beforehand to the Lord Treasurer some topographical books, a MS. of the Monk Gervase, Lambarde's *Perambulations of Kent*, and a work of his own, the *Antiquities of Britain*. This he did that the Queen, "inquisitive concerning the places where she journeyed," might have her curiosity satisfied by the learned Treasurer.

Elizabeth intended to come to East Kent in the middle of July, 1573, and Parker began betimes to order in provisions. But "in this nick" he learned from the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports that measles and smallpox reigned in Canterbury, and the plague at Sandwich, and the royal person could not be exposed to such hotbeds of infection. She accordingly waited till the end of the month and in wet cold weather set forward on

her progress. The prospect of her arrival caused the good Archbishop great perturbation. On August 13 he is at his favourite manor-house of Bekesbourne anxiously considering what precedent he can safely follow in the entertainment of his difficult guest, taking advice of the Lord Treasurer and lamenting his bodily infirmity in a secret hope that failure to please may be put down to illness and not to ill-will. He left the choice of headquarters to the Queen herself, explaining that although his own house was at her disposal, "it was of an ill air, hanging upon the church, having no prospect to look upon the people." The present Archbishop's residence, the Old Palace, includes some portion of Parker's house, and lies under the shadow of the Cathedral, but the "ill air" is no doubt improved by the removal of squalid cottages and a fair which once crowded upon the West end of the great church. Elizabeth elected to lodge at St. Augustine's, in a palace built by Henry VIII. out of the Abbey ruins, of which only the fragment of a wall of chequer work now stands.

The Canons placed their houses in the Precincts at the disposal of the noble lords in attendance; several Prebendaries indeed "strove" to have as their guest the Lord Treasurer, and particularly Mr. Lawes, whom he had once appointed to be headmaster of Stamford Grammar School. The Archbishop mounted the guests and enquired anxiously Burleigh's preference "for a horse of his own saddle or a fine little white gelding for his footcloth."

After all was over, Parker wrote a description to his brother Archbishop, Grindall, of York:

"I met her Highness," the letter runs, "as she was coming to Dover upon Folkston Down—the which I rather did, with all my men, to shew my duty to her and mine affection to the Shire, who likewise there met her. And I left her at Dover and came home to Bekesbourne and after that went to Canterbury to receive her Majesty there. Which I did with the Bishops of Lin-

coln and Rochester and my Suffragan, at the West Door—where after the Grammarian [one of the scholars from the King's School] had made his Oration to her upon her horseback, she alighted. We then kneeled down and said the Psalm *Deus misereatur* in English, with certain other collects briefly, and that in our chimers and rochets. The Quire with the Dean and Prebendaries stood on either side of the Church and brought her Majesty up with a Square-song, she going under a canopy borne by four of her Temporal Knights to her traverse [seat] placed by the Communion board, where she heard evensong and after departed to her lodging at St. Austin's."

The long letter concludes with an account of the crowning event of the visit, the feast upon Elizabeth's fortieth birthday; Grindal in reading it almost thought himself to be one of the guests.

It must indeed have been a striking spectacle. In the great Hall Elizabeth sat enthroned in an ancient marble chair, possibly brought from the Cathedral. Noblemen waited on her and the guests at the high table included Marshal de Retz, Ambassador of France.

The Archbishop knew better than to leave the City out of count. At a table a little away sat the Mayor of Canterbury and the City Fathers, and with them members of county families. Meanwhile all uninvited, the populace, ill-content with their glimpses of the Queen as she passed to and fro to St. Austin's, pressed into the room until it was uncomfortably crowded and presently, even above the music, the royal voice was heard peremptorily commanding every one to stand aside, that she might have an uninterrupted view of the guests who sat at table. At length when the company fell to dancing she withdrew by a secret stairway to a gallery apart, where she could discuss with the French Envoy the proposed marriage with the Duc D'Alençon, which he had come to negotiate. So the party ended in a shower of compliments and gifts; the Archbishop

gave the Queen an agate salt-cellar, garnished with a great diamond inset and a ship in full sail on the cover, which contained six golden pieces of Portugal, worth about £200. To every nobleman he presented a Latin treatise of deep solemnity, and to every lady a Commentary on Ecclesiastes in English, and an English Bible richly bound in tooled leather. Elizabeth stayed in Canterbury for a fortnight, and during the whole time her host kept open house for court and county; so much so that Grindal wrote to him in implied reproach, "it would be hard for any of our coat to do the like for one hundred years and how long after God knoweth."

Among the figures in this pageant suggestive of all that had come and gone in the past thirty years, the Grammarian making his address is of special interest. By the provisions of the Charter of Incorporation the collegiate body who were to be the monks' successors included fifty school boys and two Public Teachers to instruct them in grammar, "to the end that piety and sound learning may in our Church for ever grow and flourish." Archbishop Cranmer, one of the Commissioners who framed the earliest regulations, insisted that these scholarships should in no way be limited to children of gentle birth; the ploughman's and the poor man's sons, he said, were often endowed with great natural gifts and power to apply themselves. Let opportunity be as little restricted by the accident of birth as are God's gifts of grace. "If the gentleman's son be apt to learning let him be admitted; if not apt let the poor man's child apt enter his room." There were not a few marks of continuity with the past about the new King's School. Nine of the novices formerly in training in the cloister were amongst the first foundationers appointed. To the fifty scholars and ten choristers a table for their meals was allotted in the Common or Peticanons' Hall, which had once been a monastic dormitory. They attended the offices on Sundays and Saints' Days in the Cathedral Choir, where the monks had worshipped for centuries past, and for

some few years after the Dissolution were daily present at High Mass until the singing of the *Agnus Dei* was ended.

In the first year of Elizabeth's reign the School was moved from an old and inadequate building on the south side of the Cathedral to the great North Hall, where formerly the lowest class of Pilgrims had been entertained. The Hall abutted on the Almonry Yard, converted by Henry VIII. into a Mint for coining money, and the whole site had been granted by Mary to Cardinal Pole under whose will it was conveyed to the School. About the time of Elizabeth's visit a fresh move was made from the adapted Hall to the Almonry buildings on the south of the Yard, which served their new purpose for 286 years.

In these days, under the Mastership of Anthony Rushe, occur the first notices of school plays, described as Tragedies, Comedies, and Interludes, set forth at Christmastide. The Dean and Chapter encouraged the performances by handsome donations towards the costs. Christopher Marlowe, son of a local shoemaker, became a King's Scholar in 1580. "It may well have been," write the historians of the school, "that the plays enacted on the raised dais at the end of the old schoolroom in the Almonry Chapel gave the first stimulus to the dramatic instinct which was to produce a nobler drama and a mightier line than the English Stage had hitherto known."

CHAPTER X

CITIZEN AND STRANGER

THE gradual eclipse of the glory of pilgrimage, the lessening number of those whose visits brought wealth to the city, shop-keepers and inn-holders, had begun to take effect even before the end came. As early as 1515 an Act was passed to improve the navigation of the Stour and thereby local trade, because the inhabitants of Canterbury were impoverished and great mansions stood desolate. As the religious houses became one by one mere quarries for the greedy road-maker, and the lodging of the Shrine an empty shell, it was realized that the city itself had lost the centre about which life had revolved for centuries, and was aimless, disjointed, disorganized. "Canterbury fell suddenly," says one historian, "to extreme poverty, nakedness and decay." But almost before the consequences of the Dissolution were completely understood a new source of prosperity had opened unperceived. The story of "the Strangers," as they continued for generations to be called, is one of the most romantic episodes in the history of any city, and sets in a generous light both the inhabitants and those who sought their hospitality in time of need.

The first band of refugees came to Canterbury about 1548, flying from the storm of persecution in the Netherlands which followed in the wake of the Reformers' teaching. Very few details are known about them, but they formed a congregation and worshipped "within walls," perhaps in the Archbishop's Palace. Cranmer, who had already invited to England such eminent teachers as Martin Bucer, stood their friend, and their first leader was John Utenhove, a nobleman of Ghent, whose family had given at least one martyr to the cause of the Reformation. There is no reference in the city records to their coming, unless indeed the mysterious

Frenchmen imprisoned in the Westgate and employed to labour on the repair of the city walls (about 1548-9) may be identified with some of their party. On the accession of Queen Mary all foreign Protestants were ordered to depart the country; the fires of persecution were lit in the Martyrs' Hollow, and Canterbury for a season could no longer offer an asylum.

But no sooner had Elizabeth succeeded to the English throne than the persecuted alike in France and in the Netherlands turned their eyes to her as a friend and protector. The butcheries of the Duke of Alva and of Philip II. of Spain intensified in English hearts—especially as one may believe in the men of Canterbury who had so lately witnessed the horrors and the triumphs of the stake—the love of liberty, liberty to follow the spirit's promptings.

The southern ports were now thronged with refugees who thanked God as they stepped ashore for the friendly faces about them. Sandwich took the lead: in 1561, perhaps with some eye to commercial values but also with a genuine instinct of hospitality, the Mayor and Jurats invited the settlement of twenty-five families, who set up their looms and began the manufacture of certain kinds of narrow serge, called "bayes and sayes." There was no settlement in Canterbury so early as this. Evidence points to the arrival of eighteen families towards the close of 1574, when they came from a temporary resting-place at Winchelsea, under the leadership of their pastor, Hector Hamon.

Their Latin petition, addressed to the City authorities, has fortunately been preserved. The first article states that "Whereas they have left their native land and possessions for the love of religion (which they earnestly desire to maintain with a free conscience), they pray that the free exercise of their religion may be permitted to them within this city, and that a place of worship may be assigned to them, and a place wherein they may bury their dead."

They also ask that from each of the immigrants "suffi-

cient testimony to his worthiness" may be required; any misconduct towards their hosts must bring shame on the whole body. In order that their young folk should not remain untaught, permission was sought for the schoolmaster who accompanied the party to teach them, or any other who desired to learn, the French language. The name of Vincent Priment, "Teacher of youth," stands next to that of Hector Hamon, "Minister of the Word of God," on the list of petitioners.

In November, 1574, officers were appointed by the Burghmote "to seal and search the bayes, serge, and other clothe and wares which the Strangers in the city shall make there," and "to collect toll of the Strangers' waggons coming through the city." In the meantime the Walloon congregation at Sandwich had far outgrown the number at first invited, and formed nearly a third of the population. They had brought into the old town a teeming industrial life, hard to realise in the changed conditions of to-day, and they were continually augmented by fresh arrivals from the Continent, refugees belonging to every rank of society. Philip II. made many complaints to Elizabeth about the assistance given by the Netherlanders of the Cinque Ports, during the war of Independence in the Low Countries, to Dutch "free-booters" in the English Channel. The Lord Warden was indeed instructed to remonstrate, but his remonstrances were not meant to be taken very seriously and nothing particular happened until in October, 1573, the Queen's Council determined to move the overplus of strangers at Sandwich into places more remote from the sea-board.

Prolonged enquiries were made, both of the Dean and Chapter and the Mayor, about the prices ruling in Canterbury. It was agreed that housing room for a hundred families could be found by Midsummer Day, 1575, but the Mayor particularly asked the Council "to have regaurde that they may not be of the meanest sort, but choice to be made of suche as be makers of Bayes, Grograines, etc." So at the height of summer, once

more along the road of St. Augustine, there came the waggons of a pilgrim band, and the strangers entered the city, the greater number to leave it no more, but to become imperceptibly and inextricably blended with the sons of Canterbury.

The Mayor's stipulation was not forgotten; the minister and leader, Antoine Lescaillet, brought with him many of good birth and social position in their native land, and craftsmen of outstanding skill. For the most part they were natives of "the borderland of French Flanders stretching from Armentières to Valenciennes" (names so recently made familiar to us by another exodus), and they spoke a modified form of French.

Their home-towns had been hives of industry, their looms had produced linen and woollen fabrics of the finest. This skill and industry were now to repay the hospitality of the city of wayfarers. The conditions of the Walloons' agreement with Canterbury, drawn up in the Dutch language, show far more liberality than was usually extended to aliens. They were allowed free exercise of their religion, a "competent church" for their assembly, and certainty of tenure, so that they could safely hire houses, only the Queen and her Council being able to order their expulsion. They were free to practise their own industries, so long as they did not compete with the rough English cloth and kerseys, and sold their goods in gross and not retail. No innkeeper could complain that they kept a place for the resort of poor Walloon strangers; nor postmaster that they carried their wares to town in waggons of their own providing, nor any local tradesmen that they were supplied by bakers, tailors, carpenters of their own company; these were all a part of their admitted privileges. The Royal Assent was given on April 29, 1576, and the provisions were upheld with remarkable loyalty and generosity on either side.

The newcomers settled principally in the riverside parishes, where they could have the use of the Stour waters for their industries, in St. Alphege, St. Mary

Northgate, St. Peter's, Holy Cross and St. Mildred's. "Even now," says their historian, writing in 1898, "the old houses by the narrow water-ways are strikingly suggestive of Flanders, strange names are common on the signboards, and many of the people bear in their features traces of their descent from Netherland or French ancestors." Patronymics of foreign origin, sometimes translated, sometimes but thinly disguised, are still very numerous in the town; for example, families bear the names of Lefevre (LeFebre), Claris (Clarisse), Fedarb (Faidherbe), Lepine (de Lespine), Crippen (Crespin), Scamp (Descamp), Terry (Thierry), Hart (Le Cerf), to give but a few instances; this is not remarkable if it is remembered that in 1628 the Walloon Congregation numbered a third or fourth part of the whole population. Gradually, with daily intercourse, the religious objection to intermarriage was overcome—Archbishop Laud urged tolerance in this respect—and the Strangers entered more and more into the ordinary life of the place.

In gratitude for their protection, they lost no opportunity of showing respect to the authorities, making from time to time "an honest gift" to Mr. Mayor. They took their share in local taxation, maintained their own poor and gave personal service in the trained bands; it was a Walloon drummer who beat the drum for the citizen army marching out to Barham Downs in anticipation of the Armada. In their desire to preserve order, they instituted a special system of self-government; twelve men were chosen to form a court of discipline and presented to the Mayor; among the first members were four of the Consistory (or governing body of the Walloon Church), two wool combers, three Master Passementiers and a tailor.

The "competent church," assigned to them probably by the Queen's favour, was, as is well known, the Norman Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, Ernulf's Crypt, where the seven bays, from the West end to the Chapel of our Lady of the Undercroft, were not too great for a congregation numbering two to three thousand persons.

The faded Tudor roses to be traced on the ceiling, and the French texts painted on the ancient stone, remain as their memorial, and Sunday by Sunday a service in the French tongue is still held in the Black Prince's Chantry.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century some of the Strangers returned to their native land, now free of persecution, others moved to London where trade was prosperous. But the stream of immigration had not yet run dry. Renewed wars of religion in France, culminating in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, brought a fresh influx of refugees and a new type of industry, silk-weaving of a more elaborate kind. At one time more than 1,000 looms were employed in making striped and flowered brocades, priced at ten to twenty shillings a yard; the materials used were raw silk from Turkey and thrown (or twisted) silk from Italy, often with gold and silver threads intertwined.

In many respects the bonds of sympathy between citizen and stranger were drawn closer by the anxious times through which they passed together.

An outstanding occasion for the Mayor's friendly intervention on behalf of the refugees came in 1635. Archbishop Laud regarded the foreign conventicles with strong distaste; they stood directly in the path of his attempt to bring about uniformity of religious practice. He therefore issued an Injunction requiring that alien congregations should be dispersed and their members attend instead their own parish churches. The Mayor of Canterbury at once realized that this was not merely a question of church discipline. Hitherto the Strangers had maintained their own poor; now the charge must fall, and fall heavily, on the city parishes. Such arbitrary dispersion might also react unfavourably on trade, overthrow lucrative crafts which no Englishman had the knowledge or skill to practise, and deprive of their employment the poor English women, boys and girls, who spun worsted for the looms. It was to his mind "a matter of greater importance to the city than had fallen

within the memory of man." Laud's reply to the civic protest is full of a scornful impatience. He hoped the Strangers did not make trade-rules while at their prayers; and if Englishmen were ignorant of foreign crafts, so much the worse for those who had enjoyed the peace of the kingdom yet failed to impart their skill to others apt to learn.

Public opinion was, however, utterly opposed to compulsion. The Injunction was published in the Crypt only after innumerable delays; there was no break in the services, no falling-off in the congregations. One of the articles of Laud's indictment, one of the nails in his coffin, was this attempt to suppress the privileges of the French and Dutch churches.

Soon after this, fresh anxiety arose over the question of billeting soldiers in the city. A regiment under Sir Pierce Crosby seem to have behaved exceedingly badly, "misliking both their lodging and diet" and so terrorizing their hosts that they were afraid to go to church to keep a fast-day for fear of mischief to their houses being done in their absence. After some months of discomfort a few bolder spirits refused to entertain the obnoxious guests any longer, and so many citizens hastened to follow their example that insistence was useless. The soldiers, thrust out of their billets and starving in the streets, threatened to raid the butchers' shops, break open the doors closed to them, and even to kill their billeters. At last the authorities seem to have awakened to the dangerous situation; a little money was wrung out of Charles's depleted Treasury to enable the soldiers to pay their way. In all, the affair cost the city some £800, and the Walloons were loud in their protest against an assessment of £10 a week as their share of the charges.

In the same way they protested against the exorbitant demands upon the city for Ship-money; even Mr. Secretary Nicholas admitted that Canterbury's quota was beyond reason, land there being mulcted at 6d. per acre, in the county at but 2d.

Between 1630 and 1672 there were constant severe outbreaks of plague in the crowded alleys, and Walloon and Englishman alike saw his nearest sicken and die with hideous rapidity. "At such times as it may please God to visit the city with the infection of the plague," the proclamation ran, the Common Beadle must attend the Searchers to the stricken houses and back again to their own dwellings, and walk before the dead to their graves, so that passers-by might avoid contact with those who were infect. There were some primitive attempts at isolation; tents for the sufferers were set up in the least frequented parts of the "Dungeon" (Dane John Garden), "where most out of sight of passengers." There is a pathetic record of a King's School boy (1665) taken out to one of these tents, and provided with a truss of straw for his bed, and wine, saffron and ointment for his medicines. A maidservant brought him food, and at the end of twelve days Searcher or Beadle carried him to a last resting place.

People had no choice but to go into quarantine. In 1638 Henry Bartlam, a shoemaker, had his house shut up, and was sent into the tents with all his family, while a hue and cry was raised after two of his men who had fled before the infection became known. The Walloon Consistory Record for 1637 has significant entries:

Paid to goodman Fox placed as guard by Monr. the mayeur for $4\frac{1}{2}$ days at Jacques Morillon's	...	4	6
For materials to make a hut and for making the same	1	1 7
For soap, resin and incense		10 $\frac{3}{4}$
For the meat and drink of divers plague-stricken outside the North gate and others separated	4	15 7

When Civil war broke out, the Walloons, like the citizens, were divided in sympathies; the Royalists helped to raise and pay two companies for the King; possibly the majority held with the Parliament. In 1647

a turbulent member of the Congregation beat his drum and helped to stir up the revolt which ended in the Kentish Rising. The observance of Christmas had now been forbidden, but nevertheless a number of the King's party met on the festival for worship in St. Andrew's Church. The Mayor unwisely tried to make the citizens open their shops. Soon the streets were in a turmoil of the rival factions: St. George's Gate, Burgate and Wincheap Gate were barricaded with timber; the King's men seized the magazines and raised the cry, "For God, King Charles, and Kent."

The Magistrates persuaded them to desist, pledging themselves that no punishment should be inflicted for what had occurred. Within a week the Parliamentary "Committee of Kent" made a demonstration in force in the city, wrenched off the gates and tore "a convenient breach" in the walls, fifty yards in width, at a point a little south of the Westgate. The too conciliatory justices were arrested, and sent to Leeds Castle. A special commission for their trial was afterwards held in Canterbury by Judge Wild, but twice over the Grand Jury refused to bring in a true bill for their indictment and drew up instead a petition to Parliament on behalf of the Monarchy, written "in a deep sense of our own miseries and a fellow-feeling for the discontents of other counties exposed to like sufferings." Two hundred gentlemen of Kent set their signatures; and within a few days 20,000 names were added. Further signatures to a document "feigned, scandalous and seditious" were forbidden, and a recommendation was even made by an indignant Parliamentarian to hang up two of the petitioners in every parish. The Fleet in the Downs now declared for King Charles and Kent. In face of such determination the House voted it advisable "to leave the whole business to the General"—namely, Fairfax, aided by 7,000 horse and foot. The Royalists, ill-armed and untrained, were defeated at Maidstone, and gradually dispersed, in spite of their resolute and desperate courage. About June 7 a party under Sir Richard

Hardress fell back on Canterbury and five days later surrendered there.

"They rose," says a contemporary writer, "naked and solitary, stood so, and so fell. They spoke firm for liberty and monarchy. Let their ashes find peace for it; their memories, honour, and let them that come after mend it."



HIGH STREET IN 1832, SHEWING THE COACH AND WAGON INN

CHAPTER XI

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COUNTRY TOWN

CANTERBURY has been fortunate in its chroniclers, whether monks such as Eadmer the Precentor and Gervaise; Goscelin, Thorne and Thomas of Elmham; or scholars of a later age, chief of whom was William Somner (1607-1669), the friend of Meric Casaubon and Auditor of Christchurch.

Two historians preside over the city's fortunes in the eighteenth century, and record, the one as it were the dying voices of the middle ages, the other things new and old, changes which turned the Canterbury of Chaucer and Becket once for all into a modern town.

William Gostling, born in 1696, was for fifty years a minor Canon of the Cathedral and died in the eighty-second year of his age. A place with a great inheritance of local history is fortunate to have among its townsmen in each generation some one true-lover, who will spend time and treasures of learning in imbuing both children and the passing stranger with his own enthusiasm for a noble past. By such living agents, working upon eye, ear and imagination, the undying torch is handed on.

Such a lover Canterbury had in Gostling. During his long life under the shadow of the Cathedral, he found, says his biographer, "the greatest satisfaction in rendering this city worthy the attention of travellers. . . . When no longer able to do the friendly office of attending upon strangers in their walks round the city, being many years before his death confined to his chamber, he drew up this copious tour," the book that is which he calls "A Walk in and about the City of Canterbury." The other recorder, Alderman Cyprian Rondeau Bunce, cast his work into less popular form; but the patient toil cannot be overpraised which led him to index and

schedule, and copy, in a delicate Italian hand, volume upon volume of careful notes, saving from oblivion much that, but for him, must have perished through ignorant neglect.

With the help of these two worthies it is possible to gain a vivid idea of life in eighteenth-century Canterbury; a period often written off as unendurably dull by comparison with the romantic past, yet one in which civic consciousness, however deplorable many of its chosen activities, was perhaps more alert than it had ever been.

One other source of knowledge deserves special mention—namely, the files of the *Kentish Gazette*, which began publication in 1768; it was not, however, the first local newspaper, but was preceded by *The Kentish Post* or *Canterbury Newsletter*, established by Mr. James Abree more than fifty years earlier.

During the last quarter of the seventeenth century the trade of the Canterbury silk weavers had been hard hit by the importation of silks and “painted calicoes” from Persia and India. In spite of protectionist legislation, by 1710 the number of looms had dropped from 1,000, employing over 2,700 workmen, to about 200. Fashion indeed proved too strong for the law-makers; the common people insisted on wearing printed cottons from India, the gentry silks from the East. Even the public mourning for Queen Anne brought to light a fresh grievance; the mourners affected black velvet, “Podesoy and Mantuas,” made in Italy, instead of English silks; and the period was so prolonged that a whole season’s goods were wasted. The decay of trade almost to extinction reacted with terrible hardship on the poor of the city. In 1787 the enterprise of a Master Weaver, John Callaway, brought some renewal of activity. He travelled over England trying to find means of helping his fellow-citizens, and discovered a way of utilising Arkwright’s inventions, weaving silk and cotton-twist together in his looms. He produced delicate new fabrics known as Canterbury muslins, which for a time

captivated popular taste, and set weavers to work by the hundred, not only in his own town, but in London and Manchester, and in Scotland. A mill on Arkwright's principle to supply the cotton-twist was built, on the Stour, by the same good benefactor and employed fifty women and children. But the boom died down in a few years, partly owing to the French wars. In 1799 there were not more than ten master-weavers remaining and a few looms at work, and in 1837 the weaving-shops were finally closed.

But while the weavers' fortunes alternated between prosperity and decay, another industry was steadily coming into being. Canterbury became a centre of the East Kent hop trade. The hop-gardens covered many hundreds of acres in the immediate neighbourhood; the woodlands supplied an army of hop-poles; work was provided for whole families, while the aged poor in the workhouse made hop-bags to gather in the crops. In 1766 George III. granted to the City the liberty of a market, toll-free, to be held on Wednesday in every week for ever, for the buying and selling of hops.

Throughout the century, but especially in the last twenty years, the citizens grew more and more eager to possess those advantages which make the common life decent, healthful, and comfortable. Canterbury, although a city of streams, had always been very scantily supplied with good spring water. The monks of Christchurch were much better off; as early as 1160 Prior Wibert, by means of an elaborate hydraulic system of which the drawings still remain, brought into the convent an excellent supply of pure water from springs in the rising ground to the north-east. The aqueduct passed across the Black Canons' orchard, and they were allowed to tap it for their own use. The citizens, before the sixteenth century, drew some amount of water from springs in the hills east of St. Martin's Church, brought in through earthen pipes. In 1620 Archbishop Abbot presented for public use a fine stone conduit, with a turret of three stages and leaden cisterns, which was erected close to

St. Andrew's Church; unfortunately before he had carried out his intention of endowing its upkeep he quarrelled with the Corporation, the pipes decayed, and things were soon as bad as ever. The Mayor and Commonalty next tried their hand, enclosing springs in the same neighbourhood and supplying cisterns and conduits, which, combined with careful regulations about the hours of drawing water, had some good effect. In 1733 a fresh benefactor was found in Sir John Hales, who tapped sources still further northward, on his own estate, and conveyed the water at his own expense by leaden pipes to the City conduit. His gift was received with so much enthusiasm, such festivities and ringing of bells as indicate the boon it was felt to be. The freedom of the City was voted to be given to Sir John in a silver gilt box, but he refused the compliment, and instead offered the Mayor a buck from his park. His liberality is still kept in remembrance by a plate affixed to St. Augustine's wall, and it was confirmed and continued by his heirs.

Archbishop Abbot's conduit was taken down in 1754 and the reservoirs set up in the towers of St. George's Gate; a great deal of supplementary pipelaying on modern lines had to be effected before the problem was finally solved.

The lighting of the City was another vexed question. The narrow streets of overhanging houses must always have been perilous at night, and from time to time, for centuries past, efforts had been made to light the citizens on their way. In Elizabeth's reign on dark nights during the winter each alderman, common councillor, and inn-holder, and other inhabitants at times, was expected on penalty of sixpence to set one lighted candle at his door, to be lit at six and continue till burnt out; if any lantern were stolen the offender was pilloried at the Mayor's discretion. Despite this regulation great folk such as ambassadors were still accompanied about the City with dozens of cressets, waited on by a man to keep them burning. In 1687 one Thomas Turner made

a present of "a great light or lucidary" on the model of one in Cheapside, to be fixed at the Bull-Stake and lit with oil for the general benefit.

Early in the eighteenth century a city lantern was provided for the service of the Corporation, and this originated a custom of sending a glass lantern to the Mayor's house on his election day. But none of these expedients were really effectual, and one of the first reforms taken in hand by the Commissioners appointed under the Paving Act of 1787 was the provision of 150 iron standard lamps, to be lighted every evening at sunset, and no doubt shedding comfort and safety in their circle of beneficence. In the same way the Commissioners supplied a more efficient system of watching the streets, as a step in the direction of a City Police Force. In 1679 a sort of special constabulary had been instituted, every citizen was himself to take a turn on watch or to find a substitute, and sixteen able men were on duty at the door of St. Andrew's Church from ten to four nightly. But the statutory town-guard was more elaborately organized. Seven watchmen, each with his own watchbox at some chosen station, were appointed and provided with an outfit, Watch-coat, Cap, Hood, Lanthorn, Staff, and Rattle, kept when out of use in a central Watchhouse, where a Peace Officer presided. The Watchman received 7s. a week in summer, 9s. in winter, and provided his own candles; he was on duty eleven to five in summer, ten to six in winter. This comparative safety of well-lit streets was no doubt of great advantage when in winter time the city was shut in upon itself, and depended for social amenities on the card-and dancing-assemblies at Mrs. Whitfield's elegant Assembly Rooms, at the corner of St. Margaret's Street, or a concert, with a ball to follow, on the Anniversary of Cecilia, at the Concert Room in Dancing School Yard. It was when the days lengthened to summer that a thrill of life passed through the old place. The Thanet towns, Margate and Ramsgate, were growing in popularity and purely seasonal places, and their annual awakening

greatly affected their less sprightly neighbour. Machines and Coaches at all times ran daily from London to Canterbury, the former starting from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, the latter from the Cross Keys and the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street, and the Belle Sauvage on Ludgate Hill. In summer, however, there were many additional conveyances, which, like the "Flying Machine," travelling from London to Margate in one day, stopped en route at the Red Lion in Canterbury. This hostelry shared with the King's Head the entertainment of the many distinguished persons who, as of old, passed through on their way to and from the Continent. It was a fine old inn, standing where Guildhall Street now enters the High Street, the great parlour wainscotted with panelling brought from St. Augustine's Hall, which had been painted originally with scenes of scripture history as though hung up in frames; when some attempt was made, in vain, to restore the old pictures, it was thought neater to paint them all over of one colour.

To the Red Lion came not only innumerable members of the nobility, on their way for change of air to seaside residences, but potentates from every corner of Europe; the Prince of Monaco, to see the Cathedral, "with a genteel but not a numerous retinue," the Princess Catherina Barberigo, niece to His Holiness; the Prince and Princess of Poland, with a Russian General in attendance, two Princes of Saxe-Coburg and the Venetian Ambassador; the young King of Denmark, not yet twenty years old, aroused much admiration by his flaxen hair and sparkling eyes and his uniform of green and gold. The great increase of carriages, and "the rapid manner in which they are drove," became a source of anxiety, and a movement was set on foot to widen, by public subscription, the passage at King's Bridge.

In 1769 Mr. Perry, of Covent Garden Playhouse, engaged the local theatre (over the Bull-Stake Market-house, built by Mr. Somner) for the summer season, being, as he said, "determined to spare no trouble or

expenditure to entertain the inhabitants of this city"; he brought down a London company, and opened on May 29 with Otway's "Venice Preserved," and a farce called "The Mock Doctor." Still more gratifying to local pride was a performance of Marlowe's "Tragedy of Tamerlane the Great, with the Fall of Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks"; the characters appeared "in the habits of their respective countries," and a Ballad-Farce, "The Contrivances," afterwards relieved the tragic gloom. Other amusements were less refined; cock-fights were arranged at the Old Palace of St. Augustine's; on one occasion the Gentlemen of Canterbury and East Kent were arrayed against Gentlemen of the Weald; each side put up forty cocks "at five guineas a battle and twenty the odd battle," and the birds fought in silver—that is, spurred.

Crowds flocked out of the city in the long summer days to see the cricket matches played on St. Stephen's Ground, or the horse-racing on Barham Downs. Heavy betting was an accepted feature of outdoor sports, and the love of gaming was intensified by the Government lotteries, when a lucky citizen might find a sum of money amounting to anything from £20 to £5,000 fall into his lap after an official draw at the Guildhall.

For the humbler folk on holiday there were foot-races, also on the Downs, with prizes given by the gentry for the best runner or team of runners. Flower shows at Vauxhall Gardens were very popular—a Feast of Poly-anthuses, every flower to have six pips and none a pin-eye, or, more mysterious, a Feast of "Whole Blowers, being Flakes or Bizzarts"; no one who had not dined on the premises might take a prize.

Yet the growth in amenities is still overshadowed by the awful severity of the penal code, implying not so much prevailing lawlessness as a wrong standard of social obligation; executions take place in the city with appalling frequency, and the death penalty is constantly exacted for robbery and horse-stealing, or commuted only to transportation for life.

William Gostling died in 1777, and already before his death the spirit was abroad which was so greatly to transform the old city he knew stone by stone. In 1767 he was perturbed at the barbarity which removed, for material to widen Kingsbridge, some ancient arches, "portcullised and of uncommon construction," under which the river made its way northward through the city wall. When, as not infrequently happened, the water overflowed at Kingsbridge, flooding the High Street and Eastbridge Almshouses, citizens were accustomed to pass dryshod over this part of the wall. Rivalry with the seaside towns, which were building new assembly rooms and striding towards prosperity, may have induced the passion for modernizing the city which now seized on the authorities. Between 1781 and 1791 five of the six city gates and the black flint archway in the Friars were wholly or partially destroyed. The Commission for Paving, Lighting, and Watching within the city walls, which held its first meeting early in 1787, included the members of Parliament for the country and the city, the Mayor, Recorder, and Justices of the Peace, the Dean and the Vice-Dean of the Cathedral, and not less than a hundred of the citizens. The Chairman was Gilbert Knowler, and the Treasurer Alderman James Simmons, who is remembered for his liberality in reclaiming from rough fields, enclosing and planting an "elysium in miniature," the pleasant Dane John Garden under the city wall; Alderman Bunce also took part.

Their preliminary, and no doubt beneficial, labours have already been described. It was also imperative to stop the downrush of rain-water into the streets from overhanging eaves, by the provision of gutters and a system of drainage. The problem of paving was rendered difficult by the unevenness of the frontages, the bay-windows and porches and tiny forecourts, a thousand irregularities which gave the street-vistas an old-world charm. Common-sense, not sentiment, dictated the obvious remedy. A campaign of systematic destruction was begun: the workmen (an incipient strike for

higher pay firmly put down) went from street to street, through every lane and by-way. First the signs of every description were swept away, some, no doubt, as beautiful as that still hanging outside the Falstaff Inn: next the order was issued to remove every bay and projecting window on the ground floor, and to straighten the house fronts with their foundations. Doorsteps were anathema, posts and rails yet more; these were to be set back and the forecourts laid into the street. Part of a buttress at the West Gate and the Round Tower under St. George's steeple fell before the same inexorable decree.

If owners protested, or made delays, the inspector was sent round and the work completed under his eye. Occasionally a sentence was mitigated and the "annoyance"—some pleasant bay whence the family, perhaps for generations, had looked out on life—was merely cut down to a grudging 9-, 12-, or 13-inch projection, or "reformed" to a cant window divided into three equal parts.

The Commissioners were not unanimous, but the majorities were sweeping; plans drawn by the Paving Inspector for Mercery Lane—where the houses were "the most ancient of any in the city, each storey projecting upwards so as almost to meet at top"—were adopted by 140 votes to 21: John Callaway, himself a Commissioner, saved his own shop-front in Palace Street by 17 to 3. As the work slowly proceeded the ardour of destruction grew more intense; the porches vanished, as well as every pediment or ornament over any door in a public street which projected more than 12 inches from the brickwork. The lists of claims for windows "reformed" witness to the extent of the alterations.

After the destroyers the paviours followed, and laid down their yards of West Moor kerbing and their carriage-ways in squared Guernsey stone.

The old city was transformed, swept and garnished. A countryman was summoned for driving his waggon over the foot-pavement under the angry eye of the Commissioner; but the citizens generally rejoiced in all the

changes, and in the great new road carried through the hop-gardens eastward to Dover, and in the new theatre erected by Mrs. Sarah Baker in Dancing School Yard. In November, 1789, a year of revolution, the Burghmote resolved to thank the Commisioners for their "steady and unremitted attention to the Important Business of paving, watching, and lighting this ancient and respectable City, and for the very judicious and satisfactory manner in which they have compleated the same."

William Pitt received the Freedom of the City in 1792, and two years later Government erected permanent cavalry and infantry barracks just without the liberty, bringing a new element into civic life. The Burghmote voluntarily contributed £300 for the country's defence in the French War, and promised an annual sum of £200 until peace was restored.



VIEW OF THE CANTERBURY AND WHITSTABLE RAILWAY, ON THE OPENING DAY,
MAY 3RD, 1830

CHAPTER XII

SOCIAL HISTORY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE population of Canterbury increased steadily throughout the nineteenth century; in 1801 the inhabitants numbered 9,790; in 1834, 15,240; in 1852, about 19,000.* The strangers' looms gradually ceased to produce their fine fabrics for a national market; but a trade in such commodities as wool and flour with the neighbourhood, and above all hops and the allied brewing industries kept the town alive.

"Teach me to paint the Tribe of Hops
In well-fermented ditty,"

sang the writer of a scandalous jingle on the society of Canterbury and its vicinity about 1820.

The situation of the town in the centre of a large agricultural area brought prosperity to its markets. When the City Council in 1800-1 pulled down St. George's Gate they used the stone to pave a new and enlarged cattle-market under the city wall, in place of the old Rethercheap, and there (as still on market days) the drovers from the countryside herded their sheep, pigs, and calves, driving them in through the congested streets.

The opening of a railway to Whitstable in 1830, and the improvement of the little harbour, facilitated transport, especially of coal and timber, which was carried on in hoys to London.

The miniature railway, only six miles long, was the third constructed in England, and the promoters engaged George Stephenson as their chief engineer, with John Dixon as his assistant. The early minutes of the

* Census of 1922, population 23,738.

company have been preserved, and the difficulties, some humorous, some exasperating, which attended even so small a venture in railway construction can be followed step by step. Stephenson's preoccupation with numerous enterprises made his whereabouts uncertain, and much anxiety was felt lest the letter of invitation failed to bring him to the first directors' meeting. Fortunately he arrived at the Fountain Inn in time to make a beginning of the work and to order 200,000 bricks for building a tunnel through the ring of hills on the north, the seaward side, of the city. Tenders were issued for "two miles of patent malleable iron rail," for a supply of Kentish rag-stone, "similar to that used for the County Gaol," and for 25,000 stone sleepers, a foot square and 8 inches deep, to fix the iron rail-road; in order to save expense these were to be smooth on the top surface only. The pattern rail failed to arrive, having been dispatched by mistake to Cambridge instead of Canterbury.

The directors took the greatest personal interest in the work, and chafed at Stephenson's dilatory methods and at delays due to imperfect transport, which held up wheels and waggons, and prevented the workmen hurrying forward the deep cutting. Owners of the land demanded exorbitant prices, especially for any areas which were to be tunnelled, and as the scheme developed the costs were found far to exceed the available capital. In the existing state of public opinion about railways, loans were very hard to negotiate; we read of two persons who were expected to lend money declining the advance, "both being ladies and preferring landed security," and of "other parties in the country fearful of lending on Public Works." In March, 1827, the Directors resolved to run their trains by steam-power, and Stephenson forwarded plans for erecting engine-houses and machinery. At first fixed engines were employed over part of the line, one being set up in Clows Wood, where the track passed through the Forest of Blean. At last the opening ceremony took place, on May 3, 1830; in the words of a local diarist, "the promoters took their seats in uncovered

square carriages, sneered at by wiseacres, amid derisive cheers." But from the first the enterprise paid well, and triumphantly justified the courage and pertinacity which had carried it through. The construction of this local railway, however, diminished but little the stream of private carriages and postchaises which continually passed through Canterbury streets, bearing, on their way to Dover, the gentry or celebrities of the day, bound for Continental tours. Sometimes they stopped for refreshment or a night's repose at the Fountain Inn, an old, rambling place, almost a little town in itself, kept early in the century by one Sam Wright, celebrated for his fine manners, and the graceful bow with which he sped the parting guests as their carriages rolled out of his courtyard. Two very smart four-in-hands which drove in the public service from London to Dover, changed horses daily at the Rose Inn.

The four annual fairs in the Precincts were discontinued in 1829, but our diarist gives a lively picture of a fair in the cattle-market, which brought crowds from the countryside; the side-shows delighted his childhood, Madame Tussaud's Travelling Waxworks, a famous lion known as "Wallace," Bengal tigers, a Learned Pig, and numerous puppet- and peep-shows. These were the picturesque aspects which old Canterbury turned to the passing visitor; but there was another and darker side. The social life of the city was by no means in a healthy or admirable condition. The low standards of living were no doubt to some extent due to the decadence of the civic government, a piece of outworn machinery, based upon old-world charters of privilege, which tended to corrupt citizen life instead of maintaining it at a high level. It is interesting to trace the effect of those great measures of social reform which succeeded one another rapidly between 1830 and 1835, on the institutions of a city so rooted in ancient custom. Party-feeling, say the historians, has at all times run very high in Canterbury, and the reception given to the Reform Bill was characteristically vehement. In 1832 Archbishop Howley

was invited to attend a civic banquet at the Guildhall. He was known to be opposed to the principles of Lord Grey's measure, and reformers determined to make themselves offensive. Great crowds assembled in the High Street; and as his Grace's carriage drew up he was greeted by "a torrent of hissing, howling, and groans, followed by mud, rotten eggs, and stones, falling around as thick as blackberries." The few constables on duty could not keep the mob in hand, and a cry was raised to drag the aged Primate from his carriage. One of the magistrates, with great presence of mind, came out bare-headed from the Guildhall, seized the carriage handle, and persuaded the Archbishop to drive back forthwith to the Deanery, his horses and the coachman's long whip making a way through the angry crowd. The episode was indignantly condemned by respectable citizens, but the Archbishop did not again visit his metropolitical city.

While the reformers held the field, joyfully triumphant, local papers gave voice to the supposed feelings of the electors towards the new Act, "most disastrous, most ruinous, and most afflictive." It indeed reduced the roll of freemen voters from 2,335 to 1,156, while marriage with a freeman's daughter no longer carried the privilege of enfranchisement and certain trading rights. Great play was made of the supposed injury to the marriageable maidens of Canterbury; "under the old franchise they would have been possessed of a valuable dowry; they have had their anticipations blasted, their birth-right unfeelingly wrested from them, ostensibly for the good of the country, in reality for the continuance of the Whigs in office."

A strange and humiliating episode was that of the impostor, John Nichols Thom, son of a publican of St. Colomb in Cornwall, who posed as Sir William Courtenay, Knight of Malta; after a disreputable career he appeared in Canterbury in 1832, and offered himself as a non-party candidate for Parliament; he daily harangued the populace, wearing a magnificent suit of

crimson velvet laced with gold and a sword which he flourished at his interrupters. His promises to annihilate taxation and restore the good old times of beef and ale, the legends circulated about his fabulous wealth—it was said that barrels of sovereigns were sent him by coach—completely deceived the poor folk of the place, who are described by Courtenay's historian as being at that period "destitute of the first elements of culture and religion." In the end Courtenay was pronounced insane, but later on released from detention, only to assume the rôle of a Messiah. He incited the peasants in the Blean and Boughton districts to claim a share of the land and to leave the farmers' service, and warrants were issued for his arrest. Some soldiers of the 45th Regiment marched out from Canterbury Barracks to execute the warrant against the armed fanatics, and in a skirmish at Bossenden Wood, Courtenay and eight of his deluded followers, harmless countrymen, met their death, as well as one of the regular officers.

In 1835, Lord John Russell successfully introduced his Bill for the Reform of Corporations—"an open and bare-faced piece of trickery," declared the *Canterbury Herald*, while the Corporation petitioned against interference with their privileges.

Local government was much complicated by the fact that while twelve parishes and parts of two other parishes formed the city and county of Canterbury, the remaining parts of Westgate and Holy Cross parishes were without the city, and the borough of Longport, contiguous to Burgate, was actually in the county of Kent.

There were also several privileged areas, or precincts, over which Mayor and Commonalty had no jurisdiction; such as the Precincts of Christchurch, the Ville of St. Gregory, the Borough of Staplegate, the Precinct of the Castle, and so forth. About 1825, a special enquiry was held to decide the authority responsible within the old monastic properties of the White, Black, and Grey Friars, the Poor Priests' Hospital, and the Priory of St. Sepulchre. The ancient city walls could still be traced,

but the city liberties extended beyond them; the area within the walls had no particular significance, except for the operation of the Paving Act; even the inhabitants of Westgate Without had to petition that the benefits of street lighting might be extended to them. The Poor Law Union, and the Parliamentary Borough had yet other diverse boundaries. Where responsibility is so ill-defined it is easily evaded, and partial jurisdiction makes for inefficiency and even for lawless behaviour. Some of the most densely and poorly populated areas were outside the control of the city authorities, and it was well known that offenders residing there, against whom a warrant was issued by the City Bench, could make their escape before officials of Kent County could be warned to arrest them.

The latest operative charter belonged to the eighth year of James I., and codified most of the powers and privileges derived from earlier charters. But the ancient devices for good government were vitiated by the intrusion of a spirit of party politics into the machinery of numerous elections. The Mayor was elected by resident freemen from two aldermen, nominated by the outgoing Mayor and Aldermen, under a charter of Henry VII.; the Aldermen, from the Common Council of twenty-four members; the Councillors, from the resident freemen.

The Aldermen competing for the Mayoralty were usually drawn one from each political party. The election in 1832, when the price of a freeman's vote had risen from one shilling to two and sixpence, shewed to the full the evils adherent in the system. Some freemen were aggrieved because a particular Alderman was not nominated, and determined to hamper the election. They stationed themselves on the hustings at the end of the Guildhall, and every time a vote was given for either nominee they voted by show of hands for the other, so that at last the Sheriff had to declare the votes equally divided. Next day for the sake of peace the malcontents' candidate was nominated, elected, and sworn into office. In 1833, one nominee sent the town-crier

about the streets to proclaim that 2s. 6d. and a pint of ale awaited every freeman who voted for him. The other nominee was "not known to give money" but he secured election.

An ancient prerogative which pressed with great hardship on the poorer class of traders was the exclusive right of freemen to trade within the city. "Foreigners," that is persons not freemen, known to be trading, were compelled to take up the freedom or to pay 6s. 8d. a day for license. Shops could not be let because the Corporation would allow no experimental period, to see if a business were likely to prosper, before the freedom must be sought; requests for concessions were always refused: even a servant taking charge under his master's orders had to be enfranchised. These and many similar anomalies made reform imperative, and the passing into law of the Municipal Corporations Act, which fixed the number of Aldermen at six and of Common Councillors at eighteen, and regulated the whole civic machinery, inaugurated a happier era of the city's life. The conduct of Parliamentary elections was still, in 1853, so unsatisfactory that a Royal Commission sat to enquire into the existence of corrupt practices in the city of Canterbury. It disclosed an old-established plan of "colour-tickets," a substitute for head-money, the unabashed sale of the suffrage by respected citizens, whole families pooling their votes to get a higher price, and the sweating of bribes as they passed from hand to hand; two newly-elected members were unseated, but the process of endowing with a new conscience a whole society which "constantly confounded the ordinary distinction between meum and tuum" cannot be accomplished at a stroke.

In 1878 there was still little token of amendment; a contemporary biography recalls "tables in the Parliamentary committee room spread with golden sovereigns, while the sitting Member gazed tactfully out of the window with a pleasant word over his shoulder, 'Help yourselves, Gentlemen, help yourselves.'" From 1878-1885 the city suffered the penalty of disfranchisement.

In 1835, the Princess Victoria, carrying on an ancient tradition, came to visit the royal borough, and stayed at the Fountain Inn. "A great number of persons," says the local paper of September 30, "amongst whom we observed several elegantly dressed ladies, congregated in front of the hotel, and on her Royal Highness making her appearance at the window, they loudly huzzaed her, and waved their handkerchiefs in token of the pleasure they felt in beholding their future sovereign. The British Standard waved gaily on Westgate tower, and the city during the evening wore a cheerful and animated aspect." A few years later Prince Albert, as a bridegroom, drove into the city, escorted by a gorgeous cavalcade of the 11th Light Dragoons, under Lord Cardigan on "an Arabian charger."

Many houses in the city are associated with Charles Dickens, and pointed out, with increasing confidence, as having once been inhabited by characters in his tales; for example, a fine old house in St. Dunstan's is known as the house of Agnes, the friend of David Copperfield. In 1861, Dickens, on one of his provincial reading tours, came to Canterbury, and found his audience "positively perfect, the greatest part of it stalls, the most delicate audience I have seen in any provincial place, an intelligent and delightful response in them like the touch of a beautiful instrument." His personal connection with Canterbury was in fact very slight, and the affectionate tradition which has grown up is a tribute to his genius rather than historically accurate.

The middle of the century saw a great quickening in the spiritual life of the Cathedral, especially to be associated with the name of Henry Alford, "the Good Dean"; this was reflected in increased care and reverence for the fabric, in which the townsfolk were encouraged to take their full part. In 1872, a thrill of consternation went through the city, when, as their forefathers of old had done, the citizens, looking up to the Angel Steeple, saw it hidden in clouds of smoke, and the roof eastward of the Norman chapels ablaze. The great church had, however,

a marvellous escape; the stone vaultings beneath the burning timbers protected the interior from harm. The fire was traced to the overturning of a plumber's pot of charcoal.

To the same renewal of enthusiasm for the historic faith belongs the rescue of St. Augustine's Abbey from the degradation to which it had fallen—the guesthall the scene of cock-fights, the kitchen a public-house, the grounds, known as the Old Palace Tea Gardens, used for dancing and fireworks.

By the efforts of Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., and the Reverend Edward Coleridge, the site of the Abbey Precincts was purchased, and in 1848 the Missionary College of St. Augustine's was dedicated; thence, year by year, students go out to carry the Gospel Message throughout the world; no more inspiring restoration to godly uses of the ground hallowed by such ancient memories could well be imagined.

In 1878, the site of the White Friars' Precincts in the heart of the city was bought by trustees, and various consolidated revenues, the bulk of them arising from Simon Langton's Poor Priests' Hospital, were utilized for the erection and endowment of secondary schools for boys and girls.

It is well to close this history of many centuries upon a note which suggests, not decay, but continuity of the most hopeful character, the building together of old and new into a more secure foundation for that venerable city, Canterbury, the Mother of England.

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